Saturday Review

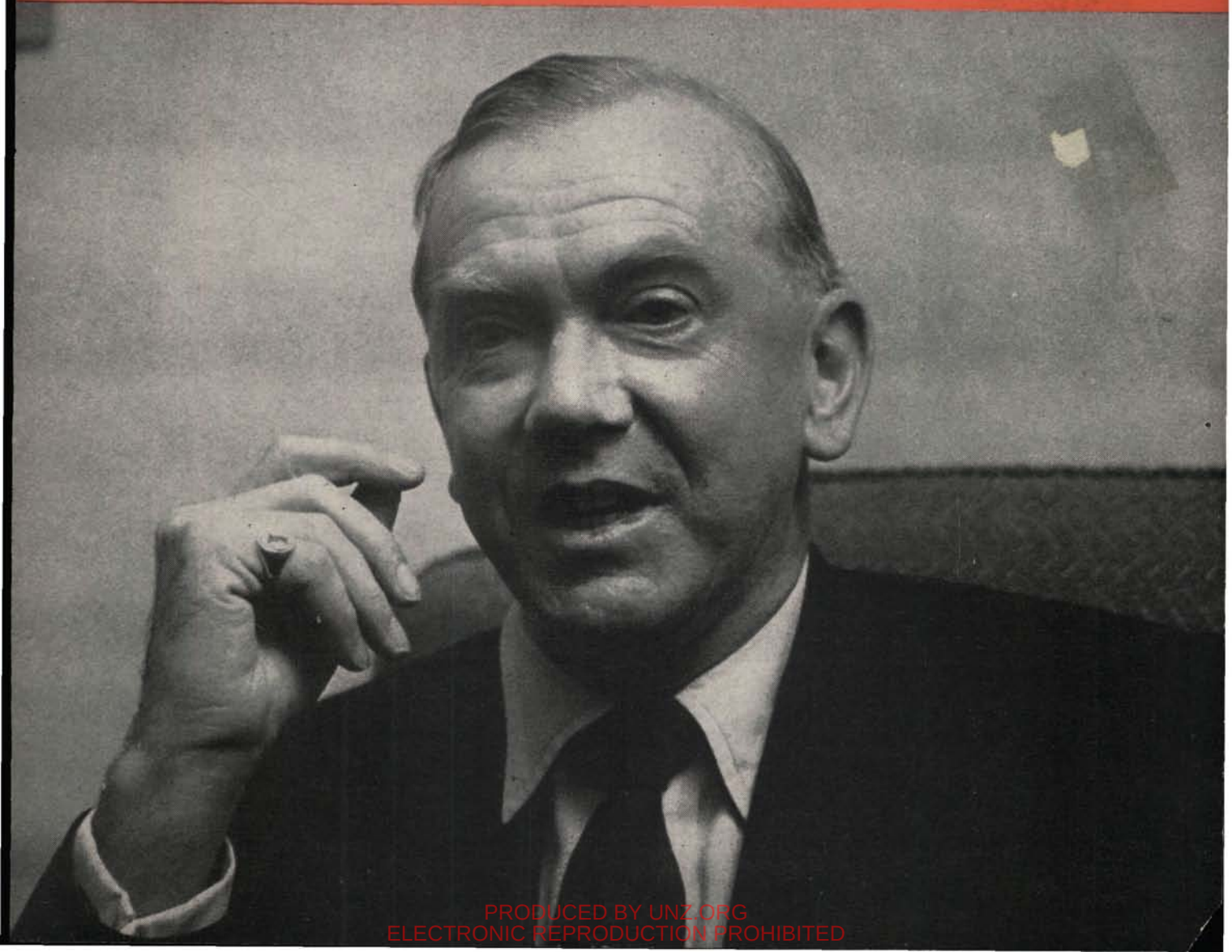
FEBRUARY 16, 1957 / 20¢

LINCOLN ON RADIO CSOKONAY
By Richard Hanser

THE REVIEWER'S DUTY TO DAMN
By John Ciardi

TV: TEACHING'S NEWEST TOOL

Graham Greene, author of "The Potting Shed." (See BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT)



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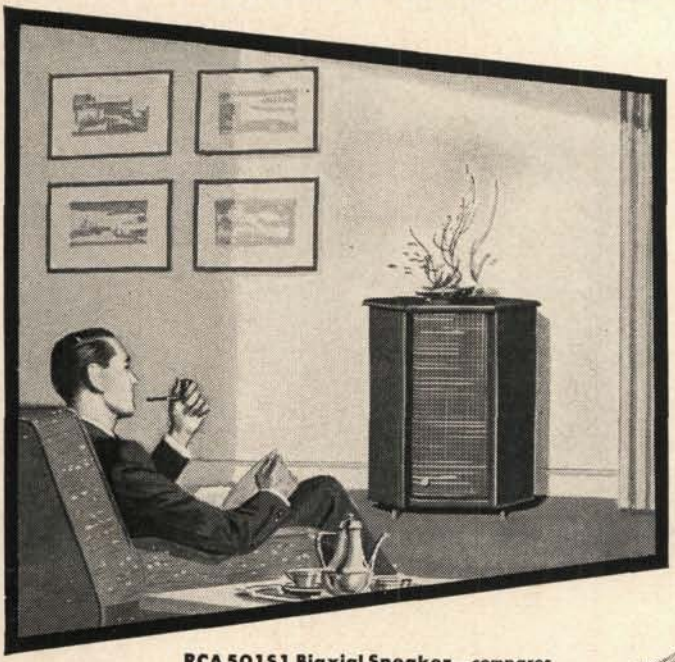

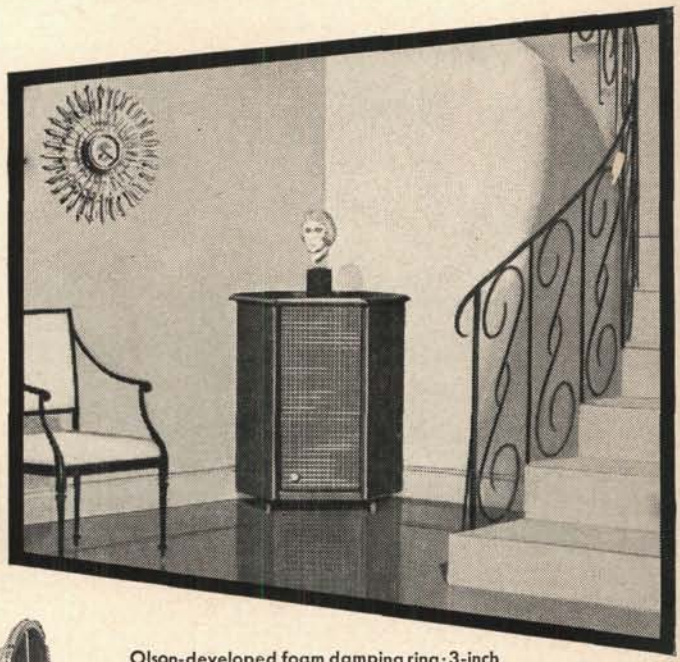

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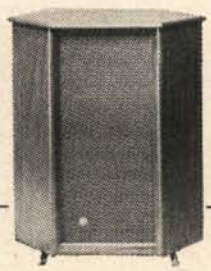

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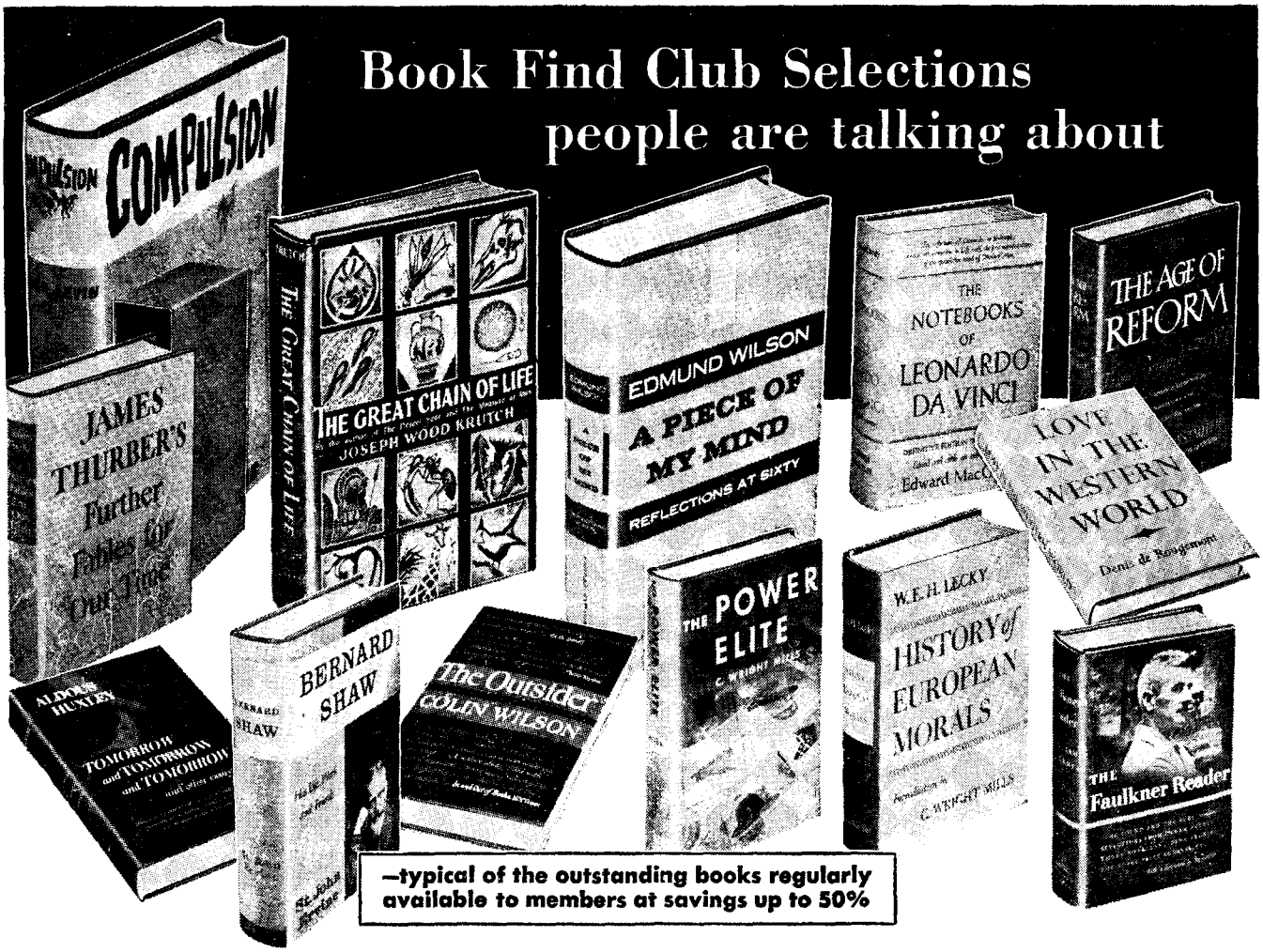
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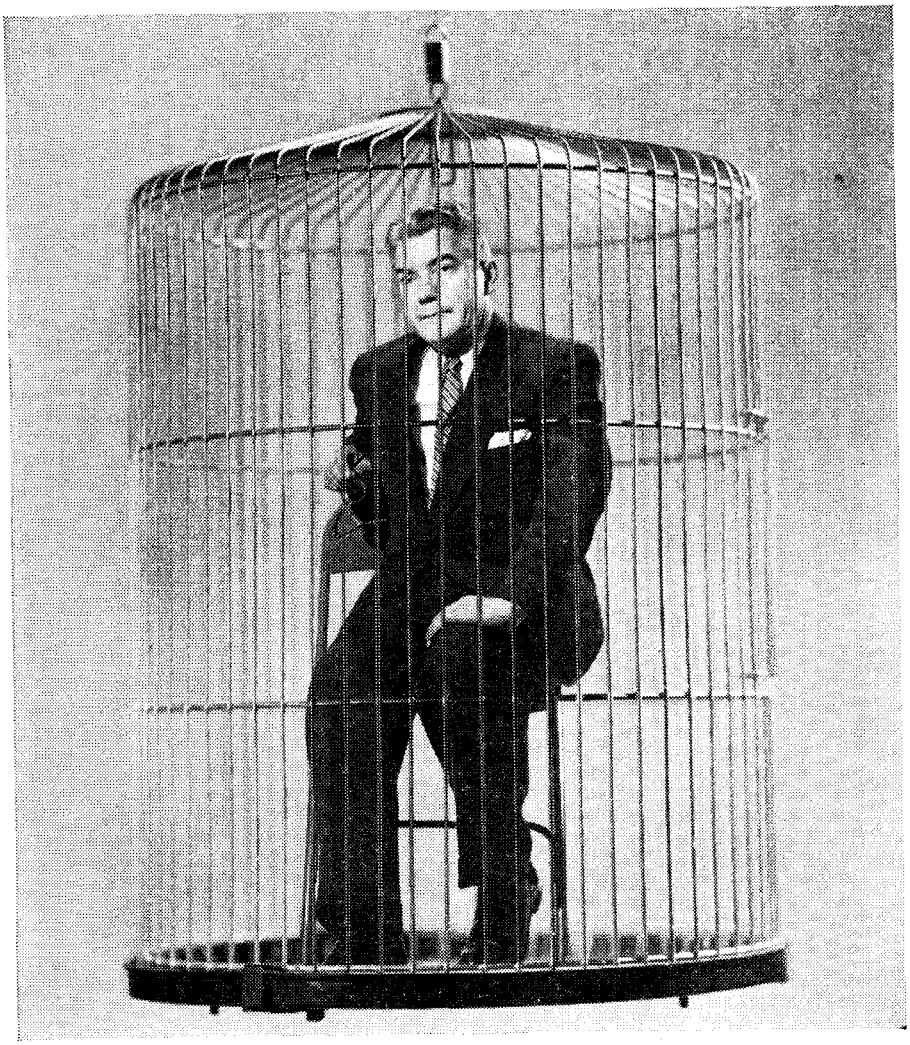

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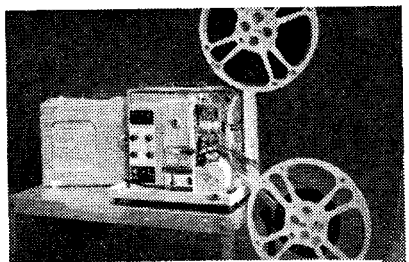

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SR/IDEAS

11 Lincoln on Radio Csokonay, by Richard Hanser
14 The Face of Lincoln, by Leo Cherne
22 John Ciardi and the Readers: An Editorial
24 The Reviewer's Duty to Damn, by John Ciardi
31 Tools for Teaching: *SR*'s Annual Survey

SR/BOOKS

15 The Courtship of Mr. Lincoln, by Ruth Painter Randall
Reviewed by Roy F. Basler
16 The Fall, by Albert Camus
Reviewed by Henri Peyre
17 A Ticket for a Seamstitch, by Mark Harris
Reviewed by Hubert Saal
17 The King of a Rainy Country, by Brigid Brophy
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst
18 Four Books on Labor
Reviewed by A. H. Raskin
19 Double Lives, by William Plomer
Reviewed by John Barkham
20 Old Friends, by Clive Bell
Reviewed by George Woodcock
21 Pirates: Rascals of the Spanish Main, by A. B. C. Whipple
The Age of Piracy, by Robert Carse
Reviewed by Robert Payne
45 Trial Balance, by Alan Valentine
Reviewed by William E. Stevenson
46 A Teacher Is a Person, by Charles H. Wilson
Reviewed by Claude M. Fuess
46 The Challenge of Soviet Education, by George S. Counts
Reviewed by Bertram D. Wolfe
47 The Truth About Your Child's Reading, by Sam Duker and Thomas Nally
Reviewed by Hazel Arnold Trumble

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds
23 Letters to the Editor
25 Literary I.Q.
26 Broadway Postscript
27 TV and Radio
28 *SR* Goes to the Movies
29 Music to My Ears
41 Booked for Travel
52 Books for Young People
55 Literary Crypt
59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1195

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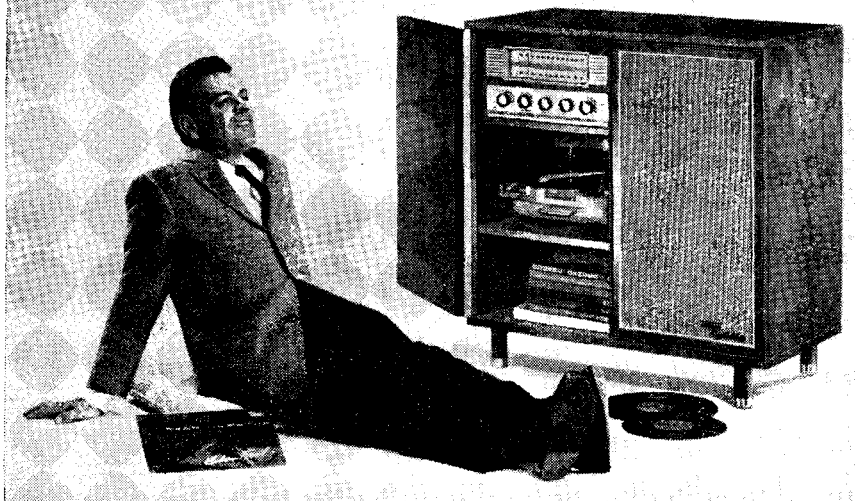

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TRADE Winds

THE DISCERNING VIRGINIA KIRKUS, who can spot a potential best-seller from a distance of nine smog-enshrouded miles, has this to say about Brian Connell's "A Watcher on the Rhine," due from Morrow on March 6: "This vitally important book will provide disturbing thoughts if complacent readers do not shrink from truths bluntly presented. A British journalist proves conclusively that the deceptive calm of Bonn masks potential disturbers of the peace: a revived Ruhr, resentful refugees, incorrigible former Nazis in posts of power could, if the shallow new roots of a democratic Germany are pulled up, bring a superficially entrenched prosperity crashing down. The story of Germany's rebirth is a modern miracle of grim determination, high degree of efficiency, back-breaking hours, almost full employment at low wages—with no national debt and a low per cent of income for national de-

fense. . . . The German character is unchanged. Today there are twenty-seven neo-Nazi groups in lower Saxony alone. And the Soviet and East Germany are making use of the malcontents. . . . Don't miss this book. It should reach the kind of market that White's 'Fire in the Ashes' achieved."

PREVUEING ANOTHER VOLUME—short stories that appeared originally in *The New Yorker* Magazine—Miss Kirkus inquires, "Why do books which have appeared first in *The New Yorker* rarely get proper editing, so that the reader is constantly having people and events re-explained to him?" The answer to that, ironically enough, is *The New Yorker*'s well-deserved reputation for meticulous, almost fanatical editorial accuracy. Book editors take it for granted that if the material assigned to them has already appeared in the pages of *The New Yorker* their work has been done for them. Too often they forget that when the magazine prints material in instalments, all but the first carry a lead paragraph that re-identifies the cast and setting for readers who have just climbed aboard. Failure to delete these explanatory paragraphs before the book manuscript is sent to the printer is sheer carelessness. It's the sort of thing you never will see in a book by an author who wisely insists on a last look himself at final proofs.

SPEAKING OF *THE NEW YORKER* Magazine, the bloody and minutely documented war that raged between the editorial and business departments when the late Harold Ross was at the helm has been terminated. The beatific calm and aura of brotherly love that have replaced it are the result of uninterrupted prosperity (the stock just paid an extra dividend of two dollars a share) and the infusion of new, young blood into the business end of the operation. Indeed, Stephen Botsford, new president (he is a step-son of founder Raoul Fleischman), actually made a few crusty old editors chuckle when he delivered the following remarks at a recent industry conclave:

"What do I expect of my Subscription Fufilment Department?" [demanded Mr. Botsford jovially]. "The first thing is that all pinochle games and gin bottles be put out of sight before I bring important visitors in to look over the installation. These new punch-card machines that turn a subscriber into a piece of Swiss cheese are not for us. We believe in old-fashioned, personalized inefficiency. We feel that if the subscriber's copy is going to get loused up, he'd like to know that it is loused up by hand. When visitors see our people scurrying up and down, dropping trays of stencils on the floor, with mice running in and out of the files, it's somehow very heartening.

"We don't sell subscriptions through field staffs or small boys on bicycles or elderly parties ringing door bells

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"Actually we don't think of subscriptions; we think of subscribers. A hole punched in an IBM card means nothing to us if it doesn't represent a *reader*. *The New Yorker*'s attitude toward its readers might be summed up by a remark once made by our Mr. E. B. White. Harold Ross dashed into White's office and said, 'Hey, boy, we've got 100,000 readers!' White said, 'That's just swell. How are they all?' . . . You see, we don't expect too much of our Subscription Fulfilment Manager—just to keep the subscribers 'sullen but not mutinous,' enter subscriptions preferably with the right addresses, keep the number of his own relatives on the free list down to a reasonable level, answer complaints in a delicate, non-trucu-

lent manner, and be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. Thank you very much."

THE *ATLANTIC* IS ANOTHER "CLASS" magazine that is doing just fine these days. This is what *The New York Times* had to say about Atlantic's brilliant editor, Ted Weeks: "Like the years, he seems to be divided into more than fifty weeks. He is editor, publisher, author, lecturer, bon vivant. As an angler, he makes life hazardous for every fish domiciled north of Boston. In Texas he made the shortest luncheon speech oldtimers in those parts remember. 'I'll bet,' he said, 'I'm the first Yankee that ever was welcomed to Corpus Christi with a brass band.' And he sat down amidst cheers." Most successful—and distinguished—Atlantic Monthly Press book in a long time is Kathryn Hulme's "The Nun's Story," and Weeks is the man who discovered it and first realized its possibilities. . . . One of his assistants recently pointed to the current non-fiction best-seller list and told his staff, "The moral is clear. If you want to write a big book today, either become a nun or join the FBI!"

TO REVIEW THE NEW PANTHEON edition of Chapman's Homer, Leslie Cross, book editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, picked a non-native: a fellow named John Keats. The lines Cross reprinted, of course, were those of the famous sonnet, "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," written in 1816:

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold

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Don't you think something ought to be done about this unfair tax favoritism? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

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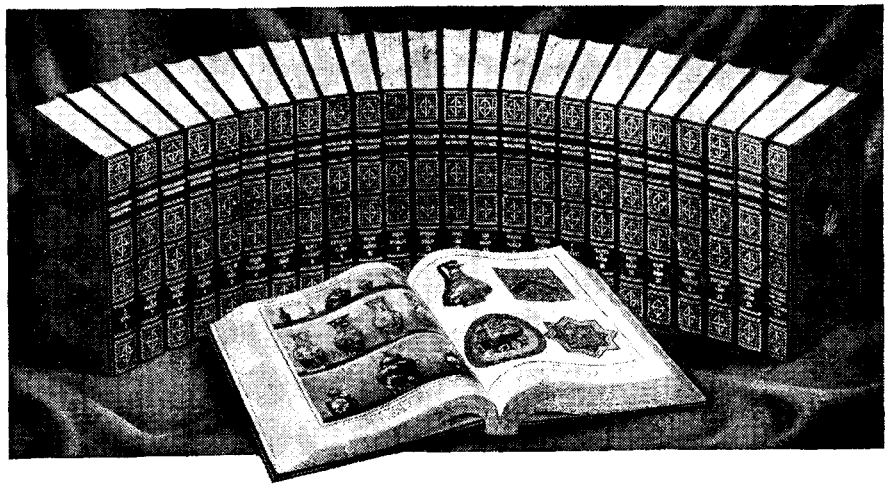

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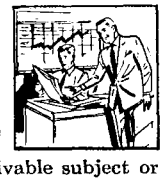

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Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

TRUMAN CAPOTE, WHO WENT TO Russia to report on the premiere there of "Porgy and Bess" ("The Muses Are Heard") is off to Japan to do a similar job on the troupe filming Michener's "Sayonara."

Some years ago, when Capote looked even more like a cherubic, innocent little boy than he does today, he caught the attention of an elderly lady on two separate occasions while he buried himself in weighty tomes at the New York Society Library. Finally she invited him to have tea with her at Schrafft's.

"Tell me," she said there, "what are you young people reading nowadays?" Truman toyed with a crumpet, and replied, "Speaking for myself, the book I enjoyed most this year is 'My Antonia.' Have you ever read it?" "As a matter of fact," said the lady, "I wrote it."

"I was so overwhelmed," recalls Capote, telling the story today, "that I almost persuaded Willa Cather to let me pay the check."

—BENNETT CERF.

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* Replacing "That is," to get the B.

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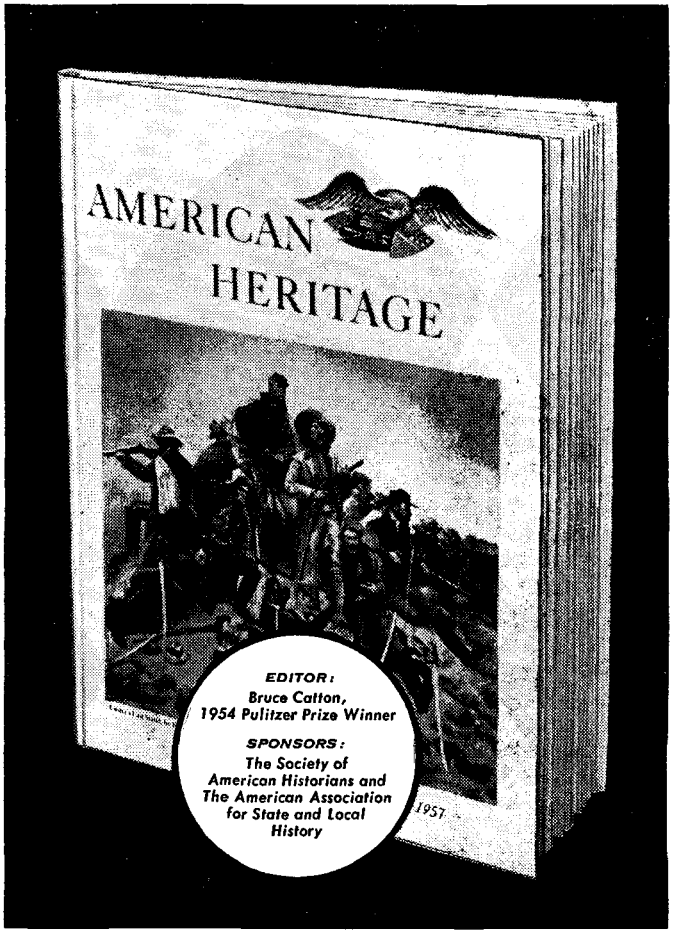

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Reciprocal trade comes naturally to kids. And also nations. For the minute one nation produces what other nations need, the natural thing is to seek out that nation which desires to buy.

When the buyer nation, in turn, may sell its products to the first, reciprocal trade has its finest hour.

Finest Hour . . . 106 Years Long—One of the happiest instances of reciprocal trade on record used to be the more than century-old relationship between Switzerland and the United States. At its peak, the United States bought Swiss products at the rate of about $100,000,000 per year. *More than half of this in watches and watch parts.*

In the same period, Switzerland bought half again as much—about $150,000,000 annually of American products. And the list was as long as your arm. Oils, minerals, $68,000,000 worth of farm and food products. Autos and aircraft.

These transactions were for cash. *Switzerland became America's best cash customer in Europe!*

Statistics vs Realistics—Statistically, America came off the best in the deal by about 50%. Realistically, both our countries were better off. For we both enjoyed the fruits of the other's finest products. And thousands of our citizens on both sides of the Atlantic earned all—or a good portion—of their living through this reciprocal arrangement.

Now . . . a Painful "Realistic"—Just so long as both our countries can continue to *earn*—then both can continue to *buy*.

Two and one-half years ago, America upped her tariff on the import of jeweled-lever Swiss watches by a whopping 50%! Latest figures show that imports of certain jeweled-lever Swiss watches and movements have already fallen some 25%. Yet even more stringent restrictions are now under consideration.

If the door is eventually closed to the sale of jeweled-lever Swiss watches, movements and parts to the U. S., Switzerland loses a formidable share of her earning power. And primer economics will tell you—with the loss of her *earning* power goes a proportionate loss of her *buying* power. A matter of concern to the Swiss? Yes. But of equal concern to thousands of American farmers and businessmen.

It's a problem. One, we submit, that deserves the mature and immediate consideration of well-intentioned men in both our lands.

---

published in recognition of
the 106th anniversary of
The Treaty of Friendship and Commerce
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America and the people of Switzerland

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

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The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 16, 1957

—*From* Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion *(Boston; December 27, 1851); Culver.*

"Kossuth Attended by the Spirits of Freedom and History, and the Guardian Genius of Hungary, with His Own Good Angel Calmly Bearing Him Through Space to America."

LINCOLN ON RADIO CSOKONAY

An Unknown Voice Calling from a Land of Tyranny and Revolution—and the Gettysburg Address

By RICHARD HANSER

TO THE monitors at Radio Free Europe, through the crackle of static and the whine of jamming, came the voice of a nation in agony. From broadcasting stations seized or set up by freedom fighters during their revolt against Communism came the cry of Hungary to the outside world.

At noon on Sunday, November 4, 1956, the monitors at Munich caught the call of Radio Free Dunapentele, from central Hungary:

"Attention! Attention!

"This morning at 0130 Russian forces launched a general attack on the Hungarian nation. We ask the United Nations to send immediate help! . . . It is possible that our broadcasts will soon stop and you will hear us no more. We will only be silent when they have killed us. . . . We do not know when we shall be massacred. [Repeated several times.]"

At 2:34 an unidentified free station, location unknown, spoke:

"Peoples of Europe, whom we helped for centuries to withstand the barbaric attacks from Asia, listen to the tolling of Hungarian bells warning against disaster. . . .

"Our ship is sinking. Light is failing, the shadows grow darker every hour over the soil of Hungary. Listen to the cry, civilized peoples of the world, and act. Extend to us your fraternal hand.

"SOS, SOS—may God be with you."

Other stations, designated only as "Unidentified Free Radio, Location Unknown," came in through the afternoon with confused and appalling fragments of news as the Russian attack grew in fury and effect.

THEN, at 3:30, a new voice which called itself "Radio Csokonay" was picked up. Its location could not be determined, and is not known for certain to this day, but the monitors recognized its name. Vitez Mihály Csokonay was an eighteenth-century poet and scholar of Debrecen, in eastern Hungary, whose lyrics and songs

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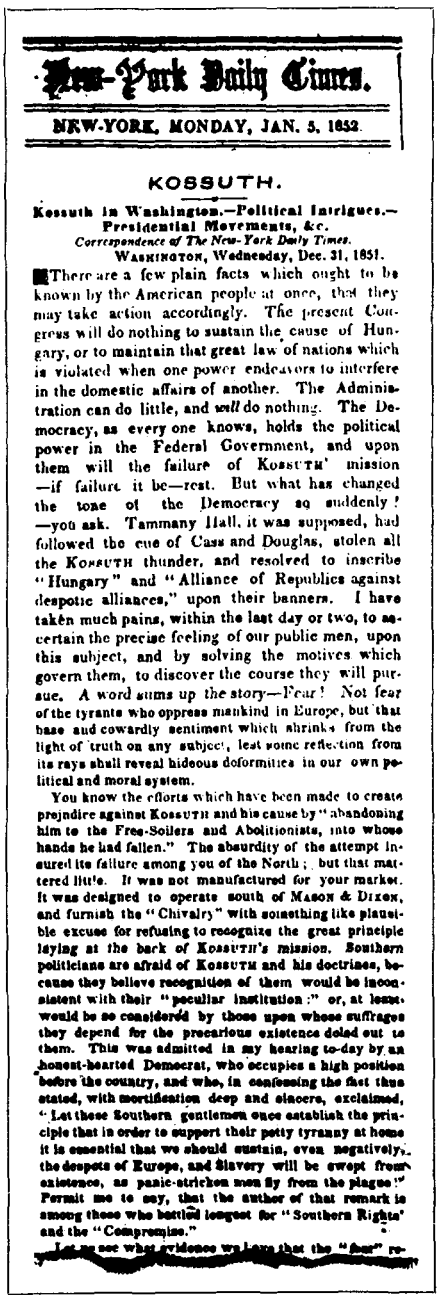

New-York Daily Times.

NEW-YORK, MONDAY, JAN. 5, 1852.

KOSSUTH.

Kossuth in Washington.—Political Intrigues.—Presidential Movements, &c.

Correspondence of The New-York Daily Times.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1851.

There are a few plain facts which ought to be known by the American people at once, that they may take action accordingly. The present Congress will do nothing to sustain the cause of Hungary, or to maintain that great law of nations which is violated when one power endeavors to interfere in the domestic affairs of another. The Administration can do little, and will do nothing. The Democracy, as every one knows, holds the political power in the Federal Government, and upon them will the failure of KOSSUTH' mission —if failure it be—rest. But what has changed the tone of the Democracy so suddenly? —you ask. Tammany Hall, it was supposed, had followed the cue of Cass and Douglas, stolen all the KOSSUTH thunder, and resolved to inscribe "Hungary" and "Alliance of Republics against despotic alliances," upon their banners. I have taken much pains, within the last day or two, to ascertain the precise feeling of our public men, upon this subject, and by solving the motives which govern them, to discover the course they will pursue. A word sums up the story—Fear! Not fear of the tyrants who oppress mankind in Europe, but that base and cowardly sentiment which shrinks from the light of truth on any subject, lest some reflection from its rays shall reveal hideous deformities in our own political and moral system.

You know the efforts which have been made to create prejudice against KOSSUTH and his cause by "abandoning him to the Free-Soilers and Abolitionists, into whose hands he had fallen." The absurdity of the attempt insured its failure among you of the North; but that mattered little. It was not manufactured for your market. It was designed to operate south of MASON & DIXON, and furnish the "Chivalry" with something like plausible excuse for refusing to recognize the great principle laying at the back of KOSSUTH'S mission. Southern politicians are afraid of KOSSUTH and his doctrines, because they believe recognition of them would be inconsistent with their "peculiar institution:" or, at least, would be so considered by those upon whose suffrages they depend for the precarious existence doled out to them. This was admitted in my hearing to-day by an honest-hearted Democrat, who occupies a high position before the country, and who, in confessing the fact thus stated, with mortification deep and sincere, exclaimed, "Let these Southern gentlemen once establish the principle that in order to support their petty tyranny at home it is essential that we should sustain, even negatively, the despots of Europe, and Slavery will be swept from existence, as panic-stricken men fly from the plague!" Permit me to say, that the author of that remark is among those who battled longest for "Southern Rights" and the "Compromise."

Let us see what evidence we have that the "fear" re-

Those who like their historical parallels raw will relish, or despair in, this 105-year-old editorial. As we can read here we objected no less then than now to the passive policy we were forced to back in Hungary.

are a common treasure of the people. Now his name was being used to identify yet another desperate call for help:

". . . We now address a message to the delegates of the UN member states.

"In the coming hours you will decide the life or death of this nation. While your sons are at peace and happy, we sons of the Hungarian nation are falling under the cruel fire of the Soviet tanks and bombers. Our country has been attacked from the outside. We turn to you, for you are our last citadel of hope. . . . Save our country from destruction and slavery! . . ."

And an hour later, from Radio Csokonay:

"Attention Radio Free Europe. We heard your acknowledgment of the receipt of our message to the Secretary-General of the UN.

"We now interrupt our broadcast for an indefinite period.

"Long live freedom, long live the free Hungarian people!"

That seemed to be the valedictory of Radio Csokonay, and the monitors turned to gathering in the other voices calling out from a Hungary crumbling and collapsing as they listened: voices from the dwindling free radios at Gyor, Miskolc, and Vac (*"Is help coming from the West . . .?"*), and from the increasing stations being seized back by the Communists and now broadcasting their propaganda again—Szolnok, Pecs, Szombathely, and Budapest itself.

But Radio Csokonay, wherever it was and whoever spoke from it, was to be heard again, and in a way that electrified the American listening post. The monitors recorded its return thus:

1908: Faint SOS signals and calls for help, made unintelligible at times by jamming and atmospheric conditions. Suddenly, out of the welter of background noise, a voice in clear English:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. . . ."

Here the voice was drowned in other noises. Then:

". . . The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract . . ."

1910: The voice became inaudible.

Of all the thousands of times the Gettysburg Address has been repeated since it was first delivered ninety-three years ago, surely it has never been heard in circumstances more stirring and startling than from "a voice in clear English" on Radio Csokonay. How did it happen that the words first spoken by Abraham Lincoln in a Pennsylvania cemetery on a November afternoon in 1863 should be echoed on another November in 1956 from the heart of Hungary during the death throes of its fight for freedom?

LINCOLN and the Magyars: the connection would seem to be tenuous and remote. But even aside from the universal appeal of the Gettysburg Address, which speaks to all who would be free everywhere, there is a special historic kinship between the Great Emancipator and the Hungarian people. It is a kinship rooted in another Hungarian revolution which occurred in Lincoln's day and which strikingly parallels the events of our own.

Stirred by the social ferment then sweeping all Europe and inflamed by the oratory of the journalist and patriot Lajos Kossuth, the Hungarians in 1849 issued their own Declaration of Independence, revolted against their Austrian overlords, and took to the streets with their weapons in their hands. A struggle that seemed quixotic and hopeless began with rousing victories against overpowering odds, and America thrilled to the news that a captive people was rising up against a foreign tyrant and striking off its shackles in the spirit of our own Revolution.

All over the United States public meetings were held to cheer the Hungarians on and express formal sympathy with their fight for freedom. Characteristic of how Americans felt at the time was the following resolution:

> That, in their present glorious struggle for liberty, the Hungarians command our highest admiration and have our warmest sympathy; that they have our prayers for their speedy triumph and final success; that the government of the United States should acknowledge the independence of Hungary as a nation of free men at the very earliest moment consistent with our amicable relations with the government against which they are contending; that, in the opinion of this meeting, the immediate acknowledgment of the independence of Hungary by our government is due from American free men to their struggling brethren, to the general cause of republican liberty, and not violative of the just rights of any nation or people.

This resolution was passed by a meeting in Springfield, Ill., on Sept. 12, 1849. It was drawn up and submitted by a three-man committee whose head was "Hon. A. Lincoln."

A free government led by Kossuth was proclaimed in Hungary, and the revolution seemed miraculously to have triumphed. But then the Austrian monarchy, unable to smother the conflagration inside its own borders, appealed to its fellow despotism in Russia for help. Czar Nicholas I, thundering "Bow down, ye peoples!" at the insurgent Hungarians, sent mass formations of trained, well-equipped troops against the half-armed freedom fighters. In that day

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as in ours, the Russian soldiery crushed the Hungarian uprising.

Leaders of the revolution were captured, imprisoned, and executed by the Russian invaders, but Lajos Kossuth escaped to Turkey. By that time he had become an imperishable hero to the Hungarian people, and a living symbol throughout the world of flaming defiance against tyranny. A member of the minor Hungarian nobility, he had won his leadership through patriotic writings and speeches, and had once been imprisoned in the fortress of Budapest for his advocacy of constitutional government and progressive social reforms. Like a Paul Revere, he had gone from town to town to summon the people to arms against their oppressors. His oratory was florid and inflammatory and, to masses of his countrymen, irresistible. His agitation for a free Hungary did not cease with his exile.

Turkey was put under strong pressure to return Kossuth to the Austrian empire, where certain execution awaited him. But the sympathy of the free world was even more strongly with him, and in September of 1851 the United States frigate *Mississippi* sailed up the Dardanelles and took him away. When the ship touched at Marseilles, Kossuth was given a popular ovation by the French, and in England he was received by enthusiastic crowds wherever he appeared, "mainly," one observer wrote, "because of the English disgust at the manner in which Russia had aided in crushing the Hungarians." The American Congress invited him to come to the United States.

Lajos Kossuth arrived at Staten Island on December 5 and spent the day at the mansion of a Dr. Doane, where he recuperated from a rough Atlantic voyage while New York prepared to receive him. The next day the steamer *Vanderbilt*, loaded with public officials, came to bring him to Manhattan. Massed cannon saluted him from Governor's Island and New Jersey, where the shore was rimmed with people. Warships played "Yankee Doodle" in his honor as he passed, and seamen aloft in the yards waved flags and tarpaulins in greeting. An enormous crowd, estimated at 100,000 in contemporary accounts, was waiting to cheer him at the Battery. A band struck up "Hail to the Chief" as he stepped ashore.

KOSSUTH was of medium height and pale, but he bore himself like a hero. He was in full military dress, a blue braided uniform topped by a hat which caught the eye of the throng. This was a gorgeous slouch affair in green, with clipped black ostrich feathers giving it an exotic, rakish touch. The hat set him apart in the ensuing parade up Broadway, allowing the crowds to pick him out from the other Hungarian refugees who accompanied him. Among the spectators was Walt Whitman, who was deeply impressed by "all that indescribable human roar and magnetism, unlike any other sound in the universe—the glad exulting thunder-shouts of countless unloos'd throats of men!" A more prosaic witness noted that "all along the line of march, and indeed throughout the city, general business was suspended, and the whole demonstration was one of the greatest, most important, and most enthusiastic ever given."

Kossuth set out on a speaking tour of the country, and his presence was

(*Continued on page* 56)

THE REVOLUTIONS OF 1848: The recent tragedy in Hungary, and the murmurs of students of Poland, should remind us of the tumultuous spring of 1848, when half the peoples of Europe—emulating the American and French Revolutions—tried to force constitutions down the the throats of their monarchs. The "revolutions of 1848" had many points in common: although the "Communist Manifesto" was published in 1847, Marx and Marxism played no part in them; they were liberal, middle-class eruptions mostly confined to the capital cities; students and intellectuals like Kossuth dominated them. Meanwhile, England remained relatively quiet, a shelter for the important exiles of every persuasion from Louis Philippe and Metternich to Mazzini and Marx.

PARIS: The trouble started in Paris in February. Instead of dying as everyone had hoped, the old king, Louis Philippe, grew only more obstinate and inept. Informal political clubs had vainly pressed the government for electoral reforms, and, when their demands were evaded, they inspired the miserable Parisian poor to start on the barricades. At once the King abdicated and fled, leaving the affairs of France to a Provisional Government that included such inexperienced hands as the poet Lamartine. These idealists were unable to fulfil their promise of the "right to work" to the mob which, in frustration, commenced a more serious revolt in June. This time the government was scared; they ordered their general, Cavaignac, to destroy the new barricades at all cost. Soon after, in disgust, the French people handed their fate over to Prince Louis Napoleon. The Empire was reborn.

BERLIN: Although Prussian intellectuals were willing to go along with Frederick William IV—a feeble, dreamy tyrant—they hated the arrogant, medieval-minded Army. In March, catching the fever from Paris, students demanded a constitution from the old man and built barricades in Berlin's avenues. The King panicked, ordered the Army out of the city, granted every liberal demand, and then took off himself. Once safe, he reconsidered his "humiliation." He commanded the Army to wipe out the "rebellion," which it did with perfect Prussian efficiency. In May events took an even more unfortunate turn in Frankfurt, where an Assembly met to erect a constitutional government for a united Germany. It soon became clear that, however lofty the Assembly's resolutions, it was the Prussian Army which decided matters. After a few useless years the delegates disbanded in despair, and that was the end of German liberalism.

VIENNA: The kaleidoscope of races, languages, and creeds which was the old Austrian Empire was reigned over in 1848 by a half-witted but harmless Hapsburg, the Emperor Ferdinand, and ruled by the antique, witty, and malevolent Prince Metternich. In March, excited by reports of Kossuth's deeds in Hungary as well as the events in Paris, a rebellion composed almost entirely of university students seized Vienna. The Royal Family, for whom the youths felt only warm loyalty, spent the summer in the country, organizing troops from the primitive parts of the Empire who returned in October to bombard Vienna, to triumph over the help Kossuth sent from Hungary, and to suppress the students' government. Soon after the Russian Czar sent in his army to destroy Kossuth's own government, old Marshal Radetzky exterminated the revolt in Italy, and the creaking Hapsburg domains settled down for their last years. —P. R.

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THE FACE OF LINCOLN

A Palimpsest of Human Paradox

By LEO CHERNE

"THIS terribly reticent, secretive, shut-mouth man never talked much about his history, plans, designs, purposes, intents," said his law partner, his associate for two decades. And every unexpressed introspective word and thought burrowed deep into skin and muscle and bone. The man who could not speak of himself or his feelings developed the most extraordinary ability to speak of larger things and purposes. His head became his arsenal, his mouth his shield, and his words his weapons. And from him flowed a humor, a wit few leaders in few lands have bestowed upon their generation.

The mobile muscles of his face radiated laughter, darkened in anger, revealed surprise, thundered hatred, and mellowed into compassion. All these passed — mirrorlike — across it. But what was self remained hidden. All that he locked permanently in his heart cascaded from his eyes and ran the rapids of his turbulent countenance. Feeling was his great enemy, intimacy the great danger. Yet so great was the force, so irrepressible the feeling that each struggle with his inner life etched itself into the exterior of the man. The contradictions, the conflicts that were his private lot tortured and twisted him. Yet the wall of his reserve, battered, cracked, slashed, and scarred, remained unbroken. But with each conflict a new line was added to the face.

No abolitionist, he finally abolished slavery. An unaffectionate man, his words radiated warmth. He refused to visit his father, as Thomas Lincoln lay dying, yet he became father to a nation, kind and forgiving symbol to a people. Not a religious man, his words were filled with references to devotion and divinity. Beset by black despondency, plagued by paralysing depression, his will sustained the hope, the courage, the optimism of a cause.

Some intimates of Lincoln insisted he had no sense of beauty. Yet few men have combined words, fashioned thoughts, or expressed concepts as graceful in their simplicity and esthetically perfect in their whole. He was an ugly and unkempt man. Yet majesty radiated from the ridges and valleys of his grotesque countenance.

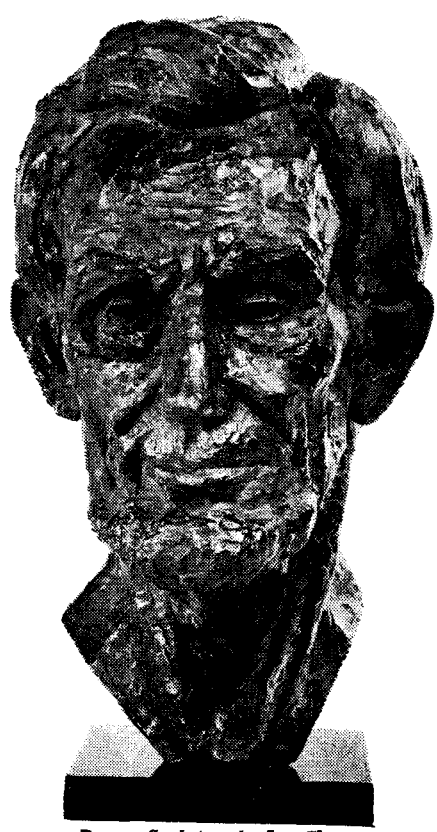
Nothing is lost in a man's life. New layers of bark may form over the outlines left by a boy's blade, but the initials are there forever. So is it all written on this man's face, down to the last gasp in the lodging house on Tenth Street.

Behind the eyelid still lurks the tear that could not burst its banks as he returned from Ann Rutledge's grave. The cleft between the eyebrows still holds the frown that formed with his first sight of a slave on the block.

His words linger forever on the lips —eloquent and cunning, yes, vindictive and sarcastic in political debate, rippling and ribald in his jokes, reverent in the half-formed utterances of prayer. Here emerged the words which will continue to echo as long as the lash strikes human flesh anywhere in the world.

There in the diagonal that runs from the nose to the corner of the mouth is the line of sorrow that stretches from Bull Run to Appomattox and beyond to every battlefield on earth.

A muscle in the lower right cheek softens as "a smile seemed to gather up, curtain like, at the corners of his mouth . . ."



—Bronze Sculpture by Leo Cherne.

". . . the face is a compound of flaws."

Taken together, these are the lips that opened to kiss the mouth of Mary Todd but closed like prison gates to hold back the reproaches she so wilfully earned.

Under the strong and gentle mouth of the man, the whiskered chin is set, ready to meet the blows of an interminable sequence of disasters. On that chin are written many failures and many refusals to surrender—defeat for office, then election; secession in the South, riot in the North; Shiloh, and down the years a stretch of meadows covered with a blue-grey death like a spreading hoarfrost on the whole land.

In the depth of those eye sockets is the well of pain, fed by the private springs of love and guilt, of hatred and compassion. A long furrow runs straight down his cheek. This trench was cut by the mockery of his generals; the arrogance of the politicians; the insolence of his insubordinate subordinates; the drunkenness of his Vice-President at the inauguration as the President spoke of malice toward none. It is almost as though the skin tore open before the cutting power of shame and incompetence and greed, degrading a Union he meant to preserve.

The eye travels back again and again to the wen on the cheek, the blemish that reminds us nothing is human without a flaw. And the perfection of this face is a compound of giant flaws. Behind this brow is the arena where he grappled with his fate and the nation's, his private devils and his people's public shame.

This countenance is unforgettable because it is a palimpsest of human paradox. It is the story of one who, hating war, was doomed to be its occasion; who tried to raise the dignity of his fellows and was felled by the indignity of a bullet from behind.

Look closely! The face you see was captured on a wet plate behind the awkward camera mastered by Alexander Gardner. The day is April 10, 1865. The news of Appomattox has been received at the White House only hours earlier. As he poses for his last photograph, he recites the assassination lines from "Macbeth." An evening's diversion, "Our American Cousin," at the Ford Theatre, is four days away.

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The Woman Who Married Abe

"The Courtship of Mr. Lincoln," by Ruth Painter Randall *(Little, Brown. 219 pp. $3.75), is a retelling of the love story of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd. Roy F. Basler, our reviewer, edited "The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln."*

By Roy F. Basler

FEW love stories from American sources, whether historical, traditional, or a mixture of both, have been retold so often, or with more variations on the theme, as that of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd. Yet there would seem to be no evidence to date that the reading public, mythical and statistical monster though it may be, has a saturation point for absorbing retellings, whether biographical-fictional, of this atypical love story. Perhaps its atypicality is why it is worth retelling; with all the elements of fiction it defies fiction's easy credibility and resolutely refuses to be typed.

Four years ago Ruth Randall's "Mary Lincoln, Biography of a Marriage" presented a spirited defense of the wife whom Lincoln biographers had dealt with so inadequately, even when sympathetically, in narrating the life of the President who more than any other national figure has attracted the sympathy, admiration, and interest of readers throughout the world. The trouble Mary Lincoln had and the suffering she experienced as wife of a hero and martyr were always presented as picayune compared to the Atlantean burdens of her spouse; and, whereas his failures were somehow identified with the shortcomings of other people while his successes were always the result of his strength and genius, her failures were attributed to her personal shortcomings. Although Ruth Randall achieved her main objective in balancing the account to show the best of Mary Todd, her zealous mission inevitably has detracted somewhat from her success as a narrator of domestic life in the Lincoln family.

In her new volume "The Courtship of Mr. Lincoln" Ruth Randall avoids the overlabored defense of Mary Todd and concentrates on bringing to life the young belle of the Blue Grass who fell deeply in love with a "mighty rough" but sensitive and intelligent young lawyer, at this time truly lifting himself by his bootstraps from obscure beginnings to the position of a leading citizen of Illinois. In doing so, she succeeds splendidly also in bringing to life the as yet unproven Abraham Lincoln with whom Mary Todd fell in love. Too many Lincoln biographers have taken their love for granted, or have assumed that there was more convenience than love in this marriage between a woman anxious to escape spinsterhood and a man who sought social prestige and the comforts of home life in a second-best attachment after his true love lay buried in the grave of Ann Rutledge.

THIS little book demonstrates the value of perspective from the distaff side in viewing a man who made history. The sentimental side of Lincoln's personality has rarely been given the portrayal warranted by documentary evidence, not by the hands of straight biographers at any rate, whereas his darker emotional depths, his grief, ambition, melancholia, frustration, and despair have been fully delineated, if not actually overdrawn. Even his humor has been portrayed as merely the escape from an essentially morbid melancholy. In this narrative, however, while full cognizance is taken of Lincoln's darker side, it is not permitted to obliterate or twist into mere mask the genuinely lighter aspects of his personality.

—*Culver.*

Mary Lincoln—". . . an atypical love story."

For the span of three years, from the fall of 1839 when Mary Todd went to Springfield, Ill., to live in the home of her oldest sister Elizabeth, wife of Springfield's leading citizen Ninian Edwards, to the fall of 1842 when Mary was married to Abraham, the records have been combed by the author for scraps of details which shed light on the personal lives of Mary and Abraham. Lincoln's professional development as a lawyer as well as his political activities are subordinated to his social and personal life. When personal details cannot be documented in fact, the word "probably" based on collateral evidence is circumspectly employed to fill in the gaps. As a result, there is little if anything that seems likely to be added to the story told, and in full it is more than can be told about the courtship of perhaps any major contemporary of Abraham Lincoln. Time has been good to those who write about Lincoln, by providing them with more ample records than a biographer of fifty years ago would have ever suspected to be available.

Elements which might have seemed pure fiction were they not the best documented parts in the story (and which have been given excellent fictional treatment in Irving Stone's best-seller "Love is Eternal") are: the efforts of Mary's sister Elizabeth Edwards to thwart the course of true love, the broken engagement, Lincoln's lapse into melancholia bordering on madness, secret trysting in the home of sympathetic friends, a duel that came too close to tragedy to be ridiculous and too close to the ridiculous to be serious, and finally a wedding which proved, if ever one did, that true love will not be denied. Such soap opera ingredients must be handled with less than sophistication but more than mere understanding of human nature. Ruth Randall's recipe is to blend them into a period piece so redolent of the personal letters she has combed that she writes, when not actually quoting, with the pen of Mary Todd or her friend Mercy Levering.

Although the book is slight, it is the best of Ruth Randall's three dealing with the Lincoln family, and in its way one of the best Lincoln books written for the general reader.

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FICTION

—Henri Cartier-Bresson.

Albert Camus—". . . confused . . . at times shallow thinker."

Man's Hopelessness

"The Fall," by Albert Camus *(translated by Justin O'Brien. Knopf. 147 pp. $3), is a philosophical disquisition in the form of a novel by one of France's leading men of letters. Henri Peyre of Yale reviews it here.*

By Henri Peyre

MANY will grudge their approval to the claim, made on the jacket of his new book, "The Fall," that Albert Camus is "Europe's greatest living writer." Half a dozen European authors, and in France certainly Mauriac, Malraux, Cocteau, and Sartre, tower, in this reader's opinion, high above the fine prose writer, but also the confused and, at times, the shallow thinker, that Camus is. What is worse, the gift of imaginative creation, through which Camus might have given life to convincing characters and saturated his audience in a teeming wealth of observed, visionary, and symbolic details, seems deficient in him.

"The Fall" is another *récit*, briefer, less dramatic, more strained than "The Stranger." Brevity and economy are virtues, but mostly when they imply a victory over a rebellious and over-abundant material. The *récit*, as Gide, who practised it with superb skill, well knew, tends to remain too close to a diary or to a confession and to preclude the portrayal of conflicts or even of dialogues. The umbilical cord is not severed. "The Fall," a long but seldom a dramatic monologue, is likely to occupy only a transitional place in Camus's evolution. It is received with some disappointment by those who had, since 1947, expected a major fictional attempt by the author of "The Plague." Will Camus, like Mauriac and Sartre, henceforth prefer ideology and the search for an ethical absolute to imaginative writing?

The narrative Camus uses for the basis of his *récit* is uncomplicated. A Parisian lawyer, who had enjoyed professional success in pleading for "widows and orphans" and had led a brilliant life, sprinkled with a number of erotic adventures, fully satisfying to his ego, suddenly became seized with remorse. One evening, while crossing the Seine, he failed to rescue a girl who plunged to her death into the river. The revelation that his own life and that of most men rested on lies, that the selfishness of a secure and successful man is only equalled by his monstrous vanity, descended upon him. He left Paris, not for those Mediterranean climates which Camus, the Algerian, loves and conjures up with romantic vividness, but for the poorest harbor district of Amsterdam.

There he became "a penitent judge," confessing himself garrulously, in a low class bar of which he is the proprietor, to a silent listener who, like Coleridge's wedding-guest, cannot choose but hear. He multiplies masochistic questions to denounce his good conscience which had stifled his self-incriminating scruples; he lays bare his own ignominious complacency, cherishes his newly discovered guilt feelings. Meursault, the stranger who had murdered an Arab, was unaware of evil and innocent of introspective self-torture. The former lawyer, Clamence, whose peccadilloes hardly justify his exaggerated and overeloquent sense of guilt, accuses himself endlessly and accuses all men thereby. His confession is, like so many confessions, tainted with hypocrisy. He merges his own guilt into the universal guilt of all men. "*Nous sommes tous des assassins*," as a well-known French film proclaims.

The long monologue of the repentant and penitent lawyer turned judge fails to carry conviction, in part because the style is too obviously Camus's pungent, epigrammatic prose. The most felicitous remarks, often incidental to the main course of the confession, are the reflections of Camus, the moralist. "Man is the only being who refuses to be what he is." "Man cannot love without loving himself." The tone is sarcastic, often reminiscent of Swift but unfortunately less ferociously bitter than Swift's. The message implied by "The Fall"—in spite of one allusion to Christ which might denote in Camus, a "Pascal without Christ," as a Jesuit review called him ten years ago, a more sympathetic attitude to Christianity and announce an ulterior quest for a redemption—is a desperate one. Sisyphus, condemned by the gods could live happily. The doctor in "The Plague" found his fellow men deserving of love far more than of scorn. Camus's illusions of the hopeful years which followed France's liberation in 1945 have been shattered. He still maintains that insecurity is needed to make man think and that intellectual comfort and the refusal to face oneself in one's full authenticity are the most insidious foes of man's inner progress. But he holds out little hope that through action, through spiritual or political reform, even through intellectual courage, man may change himself for the better.

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Green Punk

***"A Ticket for a Seamstitch," by Mark Harris** (Knopf. 143 pp. $3), is the newest instalment in the saga of the New York Mammoths, this one dealing with a young catcher and the scrapes his dreams get him into.*

By Hubert Saal

MOST sports fiction relies for sustenance on competition. Will the Giants win the pennant? Will Joe emerge from his slump in time to hit the decisive home run? But not in Mark Harris.

Since Ring Lardner, only Harris has been able to use the stadium as a proper arena for the exercise of a major talent. Like Lardner, Harris derives the high comedy of his books from an atmosphere charged with the pressures of competition, brief careers, and overwhelming cupidity. But where Lardner's humor is acrimonious and rooted in scorn, Harris is indulgent, the laughter of affection. He gives baseball players the dignity Lardner withheld from them. If the humor stems from the exaggerated edges of a "madcap fringe," at the center the moral values are identical with the values of the world outside. "The Southpaw" was the odyssey of Henry Wiggens struggling against base impulses. In "Bang the Drum Slowly," Wiggen, less green, tougher, was still chief percussionist for the indomitable Bruce Pearson, who awoke to life as he lost it.

In his new book, "A Ticket for a Seamstitch," Harris doesn't come near the mark his first two set. It sure run short, to use a Wiggenism. Not that I see any inherent virtue in length. But "A Ticket" fails to treat issues of any magnitude or complication. Its chief character, Piney Woods, new catcher and roommate of "Author" Wiggen, is a "green punk" whose swagger and numerous diversions distract him from the job of playing baseball. Piney is swollen with immaturity; he's even afraid to laugh out loud; he's afraid of nobody, he tells everybody. Wiggen wouldn't care if Piney never learned how to play baseball—or became a man either—except that Piney's newest preoccupation is a California seamstress (seamstitch) who Piney is shepherding East by mail without having seen her. All this diverts Piney from his appointed task and threatens to keep Wiggen from equalling Carl Hubbell's consecutive winning streak. The big double-header, the winning streak, and the seamstitch arrive at the Stadium together. In the course of things, Piney learns to laugh and begins "to put away childish things."

BUT Piney never really takes hold of his story; he never really develops until the very end. Nor does his seamstitch help out when she arrives. She was disappointing not only to Piney but to me. It is, after all, the gentle and forgiving Wiggen, surely one of the finest comic characters still on the active roster, who offers the most reading pleasure. But since it wasn't his book, he should have been allowed to accept a secondary role. When he's on, it's hilarious; the Harris ear for idiom is of the highest fidelity still; the game, the crowds, the strong young men in the hot sun all present or accounted for. It's all frosting on the cake. There just isn't enough cake.

—Italian State Tourist Office.

Venice—". . . relationships . . . change and deepen."

Life in Venice

***"The King of a Rainy Country," by Brigid Brophy** (Knopf. 243 pp. Paperbound, $1.25), tells of a trans-European bus tour and what befalls its members when they reach Venice.*

By Walter Havighurst

"THE shutters of Paris give an impression you can see in, though in fact you can't." This observation defines romance for the restless young romantics whose pursuit Brigid Brophy follows in her quite modern novel "The King of a Rainy Country"—a pursuit which moves from present-day London to Rome and Venice. It takes her narrator from a girlhood attachment with an English schoolmate to a mature friendship with an American singer whose days are numbered, and it brings her close to her desire of living wholly, at least for one moment, in the fleeting present.

A bizarre set of circumstances send two oddly paired young people from their Bohemian life in London on the search which begins in a London Art School and ends at the International Film Festival in Venice. To get to Italy the penniless romantics become couriers to a busload of American travelers, escorting them from Nice to Pisa to Rome to Florence to Venice. Here the novel sags, in a routine caricature of American tourists with their cameras and complaints and their endless chatter "like a parrot house." The travelogue fills five chapters, and then, at Venice, the novel achieves a texture and vitality that make up for its former thinness.

The young romantics are less interesting in themselves than in the way they see things. They have curiosity, candor, and directness. Having cast off traditional distinctions of class, creed, and color, they make a sharp distinction between the quick and the dead. In Venice they find a quickening awareness and a heightening of relationships, relationships which change and deepen as the stones of Venice change under the fierce sunlight and the evening shadows.

In a brief space—just a few scenes and no more than fifty pages—Miss Brophy accomplishes a complete creation of Helena Buchan, the American singer. Here the novel has a power of suggestion which goes beyond what appears on the page. The American singer has both candor and reticence, she is the possessor of a full experience which still has left her wanting

(*Continued on page* 48)

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—Acme. —Culver.

Lewis, Gompers, and Reuther—". . . strengths and shortcomings of . . . union practice."

Fresh Looks at Labor and Its Ways

By A. H. RASKIN, *labor reporter,* The New York Times.

IN AN unfond farewell to the American Federation of Labor nine years ago, John L. Lewis delivered himself of some harsh judgments on the quality of union leadership. He complained that the men who were supposed to set the mental tone for millions of organized workers (and who had so far forgotten themselves as to disagree with Lewis on what to do about the Taft-Hartley Act) were "intellectually fat and stately asses." The Federation, he insisted, had no head; its neck had just grown up and haired over.

The language was distinctively Lewis's own, but he had no copyright on the basic thought. At every stage of labor's development, critical observers have bewailed the absence of any discernible concern with the definition of socially purposeful goals by a movement that exercises so much economic and political power. For every forward thinker of the David Dubinsky or Walter Reuther stripe, there are a hundred union leaders whose horizon is shaped by the old Samuel Gompers slogan of "more." Ours is the least ideological labor movement in the world; it is also the most successful in terms of the benefits it has won for its members and the degree of freedom they enjoy on the job and away from it.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that many unionists have put their brains permanently into the deepfreeze. Their followers give every outward sign of contentment. The union leaders themselves are regularly praised by Presidents, governors, mayors, the Red Cross, the March of Dimes, the Boy Scouts, and virtually every other philanthropic endeavor. With such constant massage for their egos, why should labor's top men feel a need now for reassessing the policies that have been providing such durable service since the early days of the New Deal two decades ago?

Complacency-shakers are not hard to find. Union growth is at a standstill, even though two-thirds of the non-farm work force is still outside union ranks. The combined effects of industrywide bargaining, compulsory union membership, and bureaucratic centralization of authority have cut off any real communion between leaders and the rank and file in many unions. Large sections of the public tend to blame union wage gains for inflationary price rises, despite union denials that the responsibility is properly theirs. Highly publicized instances of racket penetration in key unions have stirred wide doubts about the adequacy of labor's self-cleansing processes.

CONCERN about all these problems has been sharpened by the unification of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations. Perhaps the most salutary immediate consequence of the merger has been the attention it focused on the merit of fresh looks at labor's objectives and ways to achieve them.

In recent weeks this upsurge of interest has reflected itself in a spate of books dealing with union affairs. Although they vary in penetration and detachment, each offers useful insights into the strengths and shortcomings of current union practice.

In many ways the most provocative of the new books is a study by three sociologists of the two-party system in the International Typographical Union: **"Union Democracy,"** by Seymour Martin Lipset, Martin Trow, and James Coleman (Free Press, $7.50). The ITU, only 80,000 strong but tightly organized in the composing rooms of newspapers, book and magazine publishers, and commercial print shops, is the country's most indefatigably democratic union. Indeed, the zeal with which it has maintained rival political organizations on national and local levels has made it an oddity and even something of a pariah in a movement in which the upsetting of an established administration is rarer than it is likely to be in a bank or insurance company.

The authors try to explain why the ITU has not capitulated to the "iron law of oligarchy," laid down by Robert Michels forty-five years ago. It was his cheerful thesis that voluntary organizations, whether unions, professional societies, or business associations, necessarily give rise to self-perpetuating oligarchies, in which the elected assume dominion over the electors, no matter how many democratic safeguards are erected.

The study is an absorbing one, but the more intriguing it gets the less applicable it appears to any other organization. The conditions fostering democracy among the printers seem so distinctive that unions generally will find easy comfort in the notion that it is much more important for them to be attentive to the economic welfare of their members than to provide them with a functioning two-party system of internal government on the ITU model.

One of the men most responsible for the fusing of the AFL and CIO gives his thoughts on union democracy in another rewarding volume. He

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is Arthur J. Goldberg, formerly general counsel for the CIO and now special counsel to the combined Federation. In **"AFL-CIO: Labor United"** (McGraw-Hill, $5), he sets forth his conviction that leaders and members have a common hostility to "self-centered bigness" that operates as a check on arrogance or absolutism in unions.

As principal drafter of the constitution of the merged organization, he makes a persuasive case for its potential effectiveness in rooting out corruption and racial bias and building a democratic movement dedicated not solely to the economic and social interests of the workers but also to the general welfare.

A less reverent but equally sympathetic appraisal is given by another union insider, Jack Barbash, in **"The Practice of Unionism"** (Harper, $5). One of the most sophisticated commentators to come out of union ranks, Barbash makes no pretense that there is any necessary connection between democracy and the maintenance of democratic forms. But he feels that the problem of non-participation by union members in the government of their unions is often less due to a desire by the officers to discourage it than to a refusal by the union members to exert either voice or vote.

He shares with Goldberg a belief that the AFL-CIO is something more than the arithmetical sum of its 140 affiliated unions. Barbash sees it not as a monolithic concentration of economic or political power, but as an expression of common purpose and common ideals. His book is full of wry observations on the state of labor-management relations—some amusing, some audacious, and almost all interesting.

Still another contribution to the labor bookshelf comes from two longtime friends of organized labor—James Myers, for twenty-two years industrial relations secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, and Harry W. Laidler, veteran executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy.

In **"What Do You Know About Labor?"** (John Day, $3.75), they give a warming, if somewhat sentimental, picture of labor from the days when unions were "illegal conspiracies" to their present involvement in community, national, and world affairs. Much of it is excessively charitable and a good deal of it is dated, but the whole radiates such a sense of what labor could be if all its leaders were illuminated with the same high idealism as these two doughty crusaders for a better America that its faults are readily forgiven.

WRITERS AND WRITING

Refugee from the Dark Cave

"Double Lives," by William Plomer *(Noonday. 254 pp. $3.50), is the autobiography of a man who, on his way to becoming a British poet-novelist, spent an unquiet youth in South Africa and some delightful years in Japan.*

By John Barkham

WILLIAM PLOMER'S "Double Lives" is an autobiography of rare flavor, tart to the taste, grateful to the ear, and rewarding to the mind. Written by a poet-novelist too little known in this country, it recalls the life of a distinguished literary *déraciné*, South African by birth, British by tradition, with a strong mixture of Japanese determinism to blend the two. Like E. M. Forster, with whom he is often compared, Mr. Plomer's output is small but choice, his most valuable creative work given over to exploring and reconciling the divergences between different cultures.

It was an accident of birth that he first saw the light in the Northern Transvaal instead of the native England of his parents. In his own picturesque simile, he is no more to be accounted a South African than a kitten born in an oven is to be considered a biscuit. And truth to tell, there is nothing South African about the outlook of this man. His first book, "Turbott Wolfe," published in 1925 while he was still working on a South African farm, was a novel of protest, "a violent ejaculation," about an Englishman who became a negrophilist in South Africa and advocated miscegenation. This idea was, and is, anathema in South Africa, and sent a powerful shock wave through that country at the time. In the Durban municipal library, notes Plomer with obvious pleasure, a copy of "Turbott Wolfe" is still kept under lock and key.

William Plomer—". . . liberal . . . skeptic."

Plomer came from what he calls "the stranded gentry," a good though none too affluent English family, to whose origins he devotes the whole first quarter of the book. Though this preoccupation with family lines is done in a matter-of-fact tone, it doesn't altogether conceal his pride. Not till page seventy-two does our subject make his entrance. His education was divided between the traditional repressiveness of British private schools and the casual camaraderie of their Johannesburg equivalent. The contrasts impressed themselves on the boy's mind, and he is gently ironic on what the British gentry felt about the "colonials." "While proud of their Empire, they spoke disparagingly of its inhabitants." Today, methinks, the boot appears to be on the other foot.

Plomer remained in South Africa off and on until the mid-Twenties, and none of the characteristic South African attitudes seem to have rubbed off on him. He rejected its racism, intolerance, and smug self-esteem. He had already learned that "civilization has many dialects but speaks one language." Throughout the book his feeling for kinship with the so-called "inferior races" and "pariah peoples" is evident. He admires the humor and happiness of the Zulus among whom he worked as storekeeper. He makes a conscious effort, as a liberal and dissenter, to be charitable about the Afrikaners among whom he grew up. He shares the hedonism and skepticism of the Japanese, among whom he lived for three years after leaving South Africa. As a human being, he is humble before the mystery of the universe.

The journey to Japan, he tells us, was made in 1925 in the company

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of a young South African writer named Laurens van der Post. Curiously enough, when I mentioned this chapter of the book to van der Post recently he said he had no recollection of it. He thought he and Plomer had met again in Japan. Memory sometimes plays tricks, I suppose. At the time this Plomer autobiography was first published in England (1943), van der Post was presumed dead. In a second printing he mentions his "dear friend" since released from Japanese captivity.

"Double Lives" is thus making a belated appearance in the United States, and one must regret that Plomer did not see fit to bring it up to date. For all its brevity, it haunts the reader's imagination, partly for the felicity of its style, but chiefly for its revelation of a mature, uncluttered mind. Plomer sees people and places with a poet's eye. Note, for example, the precise use of words in this description: "Wisps of tropical mist ran past like long scarves of grey chiffon in mysterious levitation." As for his South African writings, they "left a few vivid paintings on the walls of that dark cave, the mind of the white South African."

I happened to be in South Africa last summer when Plomer returned there for the first time in twenty years. Although he was properly discreet in his public utterances, I hope he is busy painting more vivid paintings for the walls of that dark cave.

The Bloomsberries

***"Old Friends," by Clive Bell** (Harcourt, Brace. 200 pp. $4.50), is a volume of memoirs by a man who belonged to the various English literary groups that bore the name Bloomsbury. George Woodcock teaches at the University of British Columbia.*

By George Woodcock

FOR almost half a century the word "Bloomsbury" has played an emblematic rôle in discussions of English writing. Sometimes it has been used so broadly as to be almost synonymous with "highbrow"; sometimes it has defined rather vaguely the kind of mildly avant-garde literary tendencies represented by magazines like the *New Statesman* and publishing houses like Faber & Faber; sometimes, with greater historic justification, it has described a particular group of writers and painters who gathered in the environs of Fitzroy Square during the First World War and the 1920s.

Clive Bell, the veteran art critic and early champion of the postimpressionists, has been recognized as a citizen of all these various Bloomsburies. Now, in his seventies, he has written a volume of memoirs, entitled "Old Friends," in which he chats easily about his contemporaries and makes his own remarks about the myth, as he regards it, of Bloomsbury.

There was, he tells us, a group of friends to whom Mrs. Desmond McCarthy, somewhere about 1910, attached the label of Bloomsberries; the title, he insists, was mainly topographical in intent, and the people so described were united by personal affinity and, in some cases, by blood or marital relationship, rather than by a community of ideas or a program of literary reform.

The group, he records, came together originally in Cambridge, where Bell, Lytton Strachey, Leonard Woolf, and some of their student friends would meet regularly for Saturday readings. A regular participant in these gatherings was Thoby Stephen, son of that dogged Victorian man of letters, Sir Leslie Stephen, and when the Cambridge bond lived on beyond the undergraduate years its center of activity was transferred to the Stephen house in Bloomsbury, where Thoby's sisters, later to gain celebrity as Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell, became its most decorative and, perhaps, its most influential members. Other writers and painters—E. M. Forster and Roger Fry, David Garnett and Duncan Grant—became associated with the original group of friends, and so Bloomsbury came into being, not as a literary *cénacle* after the Parisian style, but as a loose col-

(*Continued on page* 49)

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION. *By Crane Brinton. Vintage.* $1.25. An analysis of the causes, development, and aftermath of revolutions by a Harvard historian.

THE BIOLOGY OF THE SPIRIT. *By Edmund W. Sinnott. Compass.* 95¢. The biological evidence for the existence of the human spirit examined by a Yale scientist.

BYRON IN ITALY. *By Peter Quennell. Compass.* $1.25. The twenty-eight-year old poet hobnobs with Stendahl, Mme. de Staël, the Shelleys, and others told by a literary historian.

THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE. *By Erich Fromm. Evergreen.* $1.75. A study by a leading psychologist of dreams, fairy tales, and myths set against the historical background and contemporary case studies of dream interpretation.

THE COMING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. *By Georges Lefebvre. Vintage.* 95¢. Commissioned to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the French Revolution, suppressed by the Vichy government, this remains one of the best short histories of the 1789 Revolution.

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS. *By Rumer Godden. Compass.* $1.25. The story of Lovejoy Mason, a little girl who wanted a garden, and of grown-up Vincent who wanted a restaurant, by the author of "Black Narcissus."

THE PORTABLE MATTHEW ARNOLD. *Edited by Lionel Trilling. Viking.* $1.25. An anthology of the poems, letters, and criticism of the great nineteenth-century literary figures.

THE PORTABLE EMERSON. *Edited by Mark Van Doren. Viking.* $1.45. A potpourri of essays, poems, journals, and letters to introduce Emerson to the initiated and to delight his devotees.

THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD. *By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Evergreen.* $1.45. Much of Dostoevsky's preoccupation with the dark twists of men's minds is foreshadowed in this account of the author's years in a Siberian penal colony.

FLAUBERT AND MADAME BOVARY. *By Francis Steegmuller. Vintage.* $1.25. A portrait of Flaubert struggling with the creation of his most famous character.

THE GOOD SOLDIER. *By Ford Madox Ford. Vintage.* $1.25. An enigmatic and ironic novel of marriage, love, and deception by the author of "Parade's End."

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HEROES AND ROGUES

Badmen Who Did Good

"Pirates: Rascals of the Spanish Main," by A. B. C. Whipple *(Doubleday. 288 pp. $4.50) and* ***"The Age of Piracy," by Robert Carse*** *(Rinehart. 276 pp. $4.50), are two new books about the romance and the reality of the bad men of the high seas.*

By Robert Payne

THE pirates who swarmed across the Caribbean in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were perhaps the most treacherous group of men who ever sailed the seas. There was little real heroism among them, they fought their battles without quarter and without nobility, and for the most part their lives were "nasty, brutish, and short." Like modern gangsters they quarreled viciously over their loot, and were the easy prey of stool pigeons. Few got rich. Indeed, treasure and loot were the least of the things they wanted. What they wanted above all, as they set sail from the steaming islands, was the excitement of murder. They were closer to Hitler's S.S. than to the romantic heroes of legend.

Yet it is impossible to deny them their delight in freedom. They lived at a time when the world was gradually surrendering to bureaucracy and the ordered, stratified power of the state; and being gypsies of the seas, they were content to despise the overwhelming power of the state, which rarely succeeded in reaching out to the little inlets where they hid their treasure and their tattered fleets. Most of them were English, and hated England, and it never seemed to have occurred to them that their actions on the high seas vastly benefited their native country. Without those pirate fleets, Spain might have conquered the world, and certainly the pirates prevented the Spaniards from conquering North America. So we owe them a debt. The trouble is that we can only pay it grudgingly.

If only, we tell ourselves, they had behaved with a little more nobility! If only they had carved out a little empire for themselves and put some of their troubled ideas of freedom to work! If only they had been a little less treacherous! It is not pleasant to contemplate Sir Henry Morgan capturing Porto Bello by sending a wave of captured nuns and priests up the scaling ladders, his own men hiding in the nuns' skirts and the priests' cassocks, and it is just as unpleasant to contemplate Morgan doublecrossing his men afterwards, keeping most of the treasure for himself. He lived to become a respectable citizen, but he was the exception. Most pirate tales are alike: murder, treachery, a messy death.

Two new books on pirates—A. B. C. Whipple's "Pirates: Rascals of the Spanish Main" and Robert Carse's "The Age of Piracy"—point the moral that piracy never paid and there was little glory in it. They are both good books and they tell the very human stories of these outcasts of the islands: how they quarreled and fought and loved, and went down to deserved defeat.

Mr. Whipple begins a little improperly with an account of Captain Kidd, who was hardly a pirate and whose arrest by the order of Lord Bellomont was an act of such simple-minded treachery that even today we can shudder at it. He warms up with the story of Woodes Rogers, the inevitable hero of all pirate stories, because he followed them to their lair and dared them to do their worst and succeeded in imposing his will on them. He was a small man, with a shattered jaw and mild eyes, and no one quite knows how he succeeded in taming them; but he did, and there was glory in it. Mr. Whipple has visited New Providence and he gives you the pirate camp as it was: the miserable tents, the hordes of half-caste women, the eternal drinking, the dogs snapping at the heels of the drunks. There was little romance in New Providence: it looked more like the Bowery on a Saturday night fifty years ago. And there, in the midst of the cutthroats, with something of the aplomb of a Salvation Army officer, is Woodes Rogers converting them into being loyal subjects of the King. Mr. Whipple is wonderfully successful in his portrait of Woodes Rogers, and nearly as good when he discusses the female pirates, Mary Read and Anne Bonny, who both came to horrible ends. Once when she was asked whether she repented of a life which could only lead to the noose, Mary Read answered that every pirate knew there was a rope waiting at the end. Were it not for the fear of hanging, she said, every lousy sailor on the high seas would turn pirate, thereby ruining the trade for the good ones. But few ever spoke with such an exalted regard for their calling, and too many whimpered when they were dying.

Mr. Whipple surveys most of the known English pirates, and has excellent chapters on Captain Flood and Captain "Blackbeard" Teach. Mr. Carse travels wider afield. In "The Age of Piracy" he is concerned to offer a history of the whole subject, with footnotes on the lesser known French pirates and on Spanish ef-

(*Continued on page* 50)

—From "The Age of Piracy."

"What they wanted above all . . . was the excitement of murder."

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The Saturday Review

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John Ciardi and the Readers

JOHN CIARDI's review of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "The Unicorn and Other Poems" (*SR* Jan. 12) has produced the biggest storm of reader protest in the thirty-three-year history of *The Saturday Review*. Hundreds of readers have hastened to tell us of their pointed disapproval of Mr. Ciardi's review; four have written in his support. Many of the letters have raised questions about our editorial policy and procedure. How is it, they have asked, that the review was allowed to appear? Would the review have been published if the editor was not abroad at the time? One note inquired whether the editor wisely took off for Africa the moment the issue containing Mr. Ciardi's review went to press. Where does the editorial board stand on the kind of review written by Mr. Ciardi?

In fairness to Mr. Ciardi, before he is gobbled up alive by our readers, some points ought to be made clear. First, he did inform the editor, before the latter went abroad (there being no connection between the two events), of his intention to write a highly critical review of Mrs. Lindbergh's book. Mr. Ciardi was told that so long as he was Poetry Editor he would continue to enjoy the same authority over his department possessed by other members of the staff. He would have direct access to the columns of the magazine. We would stand behind his right to unobstructed critical opinion; but this did not mean he could count on our automatic support for his views.

It is only with the greatest personal pain that we occasionally publish certain reviews dealing with books or the other arts. We find ourselves in total disagreement, but we bite our critical lip and send the copy to the printers. It is impossible to edit an independent journal of criticism if the contributors feel free only to mirror the pet ideas of the editor. Our job is to build up a roster of critics with integrity, authority, vigor, and a point of view. The magazine belongs to them and the readers to no less an extent than to the editorial board and the stockholders. The quickest way to devitalize a magazine, we feel, is to claim a monopoly in these pages for tastes of the man who is lucky enough to be editor.

Once in a great while our restraint breaks down and we indulge ourselves to the extent of a dissenting opinion. This happened recently in the case of the movie "War and Peace." Earlier it happened with respect to Father Huddleston's "Naught for Your Comfort," which we considered one of the most important books of the year but which our reviewer picked to pieces, to our infinite dismay. For the most part, however, we try to maintain silence and a decent respect for the opinions of the authorities to whom we go in good faith and who write for us in equally good faith.

Now, back to John Ciardi.

THERE is an important difference, it seems to us, between the present controversy and previous controversies involving the magazine. In most other cases, we have been called upon to back up our contributor in an argument with an author or a publisher or a branch of government or an organization. In this case, the controversy is inside the magazine itself. Mr. Ciardi's differences are with our readers. Therefore, both parties stand on equal ground so far as we are concerned. We have written to Mr. Ciardi to say that we will protect his access to our columns but he must not expect

Good Friday—Burying a Jay

By Joseph Hansen

WHY, in God's name, we put you in the ground
And mourned you, who had flickered scissor wings
Like flung ice through the tops of cottonwoods
(Green and then windblown silver underneath)
Childhood must answer for, and ignorance.

Scrubby and stiff, with feathers scuffed to gray,
And beak gaping as if to die were parching,
Somebody brought you, and somebody cried.
We dug a pit and searched a tumble-down
Cobwebby shed and found a shoebox, laid
You in it, wound it round with knotted string
And buried you under red hollyhocks
Where bees drowsed, and we smoothed the soil back over.

You were the screaming, scolding scourge of air,
The wine-bright sentinel of summer skies,
And we were heavy children stumbling
Along the cracked and hunchy pavements of
The dusty town, and yet we mourned for you.

Christ, bird, you flew, and did this earn you pity?

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us to side with him as a matter of course or editorial duty. We also told him that we were disturbed by the implication in his defense that few of his critics knew anything about poetry. He also dismisses too lightly, it seems to us, the protests involving the question of good taste in the manner of his attack. We don't see anything inconsistent between good criticism and good taste. Strength doesn't always depend on violence.

OUR main argument with Mr. Ciardi, however, involves the basis of his criticism. It seems to us that his critical yardstick for Mrs. Lindbergh's book was better adapted to the measurement of prose than poetry. By applying a rigorous test of meaning to each phrase, by insisting on precision in punctuation, by X-raying the intent of the author throughout, he has given literalness far more sovereignty than it needs or enjoys in verse. The important questions about a poem are not limited to its word-by-word or line-by-line content or structure. Does anything come to life in a person when he reads a poem? Is there a door of awareness that comes unlocked? Are there rhythms and sounds no one of which may have particularized meaning but which say something in the aggregate and produce a response that could not be produced in any other way? It seems clear that Mr. Ciardi's reply to these questions in the case of Mrs. Lindbergh's book would be in the negative. Even so, it would have made for a stronger review if he had used these questions as the context for the full development of his critical opinions. This is not to say that structure and detail are irrelevant. But they are not the whole show either.

Nor can we accept the adjective "illiterate" when applied to Mrs. Lindbergh or her books. There are few living authors who are using the English language more sensitively or with more genuine appeal. There is in her books a respect for human responses to beauty and for the great connections between humankind and nature that gives her work rare distinction and that earns her the gratitude and loyalty of her readers, as the present episode makes clear.

This editorial is not intended to chastise Mr. Ciardi. From the moment he joined *The Saturday Review* staff he added real salt to our stew. We have never caught him in an ambiguous moment. He lives as he thinks and writes, with vast energy, freedom, conviction. He has won the very real affection and respect of the entire staff. We believe that in the months and years ahead his relationship with our readers will be no less rewarding to them and to him. —N. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Remember. They've got the muscles but we've got the brains."

ANOTHER AFFIRMATIVE

JOHN CIARDI'S "A Close Look at the Unicorn" (*SR* Jan. 12) is criticism of the sort that prompted my first subscription to the *Review*, about three years ago. It is criticism based on convincing references to principles, not merely on subjective preferences. Above all, it is braced with specific illustrations. The result is a review both informative and instructive.

EARL CLENDENON.

Chicago, Ill.

RABIES?

SUCH TERMS AS "contempt," "illiterate," "foolish afflatus," "slovenly," and "miserable stuff" denote rabies rather than ratiocination.

ROSE CROSS.

Nashville, Tenn.

THE BUTTERFLY BAT

WHY TAKE A BASEBALL bat to club a butterfly?

M. E. KNEVELS.

Orange, N. J.

CIARDI A PHARISEE

MR. CIARDI DEVOTES an entire paragraph of his long piece to Mrs. Lindbergh's misuse of the word "clog," and declares it "akin to Original Sin." Mr. Ciardi is neither God nor the Pope; but he sure is a pharisee!

NAME WITHHELD.

Cambridge, Mass.

VERY PLEASED

MR. CIARDI MUST be very inexperienced, very young, and very pleased with himself. Also he has, without doubt, some personal grudge.

LAURA W. CLARK.

Buffalo, N.Y.

SHRILL VITUPERATION

IT SHOULD NOT require half-a-dozen columns of such shrill vituperative writing to damn any book of verse, especially one this slight in dimension and quality.

ADELLA P. SHEA.

Chula Vista, Calif.

REAL SYMPATHY

DURING THE LAST six months I have written you several letters calling attention to what, in my opinion, are the offences and shortcomings of your Poetry Editor. When my indignation had been quieted by that physical effort I threw the letters in the wastebasket thinking, "What's the use"? But when I see Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh publicly insulted as she has

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been I shall allow a protest to go to you. Was your kindness to the Hiroshima Maidens only a matter of political expedience, or do you really possess sympathy for human suffering and human dignity?

MARY F. SARGENT.

St. Augustine, Fla.

ANOTHER TRY

WE THINK YOU OWE TO Mrs. Lindbergh's thousands of admiring readers, and to literature itself, an unbiased review of her book. May we suggest one of the critics who felt her volume was one of the year's best poetry books?

MAY FORDE.

Evansville, Wis.

CIARDI PEP

I BELIEVE MR. CIARDI has, in spite of the conceit that leads you into such absurdities as this review, pepped up the poetry department of *SR*.

MARION SMITH.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

WONDER OF THE YEAR

IT IS THE WONDER of the year to me how any one with the intelligence I supposed Mrs. Lindbergh to possess could allow such stuff to be offered to the public.

ISABEL BOYD

St. Petersburg, Fla.

THIRTY-SIX "I"S

IN AN ARTICLE WHICH contains Mr. Ciardi's favorite word "I" thirty-six times, he only demonstrates that the most obvious example of inflation is his own self-importance.

WALTER HAYES.

Claygate, Surrey, England.

HEAT AND LIGHT

I BELIEVE THAT Mr. Ciardi's "Close Look" gave us a closer look at Ciardi than it did at the Unicorn. So much heat! So little light!

ELAINE W. COGSWELL.

Berkeley, Calif.

NO DIGNITY?

IT LEAVES ONE with a sense of degradation for having read it and printing it ill becomes the dignity of *The Saturday Review*. In the days of William Rose Benet one never had to be ashamed of the poetry page.

DANIEL R. HULL.

Woodbury, Conn.

REVIEWING PERSONALITY

MUCH AS I ADMIRE John Ciardi's honest, fearless, and often brilliant criticism I cannot help regretting that, in the case of Anne Lindbergh's book, he gives his readers the impression that he is reviewing the personality of the author and not the poems.

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN.

Washington, D.C.

—*Louise Dahl-Wolfe.*

Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

John Ciardi.

THE REVIEWER'S DUTY TO DAMN / *A Letter to an Avalanche*

By JOHN CIARDI

A FEW weeks ago I reviewed in these pages (*SR* Jan. 12) Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "The Unicorn and Other Poems." My basic position in that review was stated in its first paragraph, which I quote here:

> Mrs. Lindbergh's great personal distinction together with the popularity of her six earlier volumes, some of poetry and some of prose, may be taken as evidence enough that the present volume will sell widely. Poetry, nevertheless, is no reliable consort of either personal distinction or of bookstore success. Everyone is in trouble when he looks at the stars, and under the stars I am as humanly eager to grant Mrs. Lindbergh the dignity of her troubles as I am to enjoin my own. One of my present troubles is that as a reviewer not of Mrs. Lindbergh but of her poems, I have, in duty, nothing but contempt to offer. I am compelled to believe that Mrs. Lindbergh has written an offensively bad book—inept, jingling, slovenly, illiterate even, and puffed up with the foolish afflatus of a stereotyped high-seriousness, that species of esthetic and human failure that will accept any shriek as a true high-C. If there is judgment, it must go by standards. I cannot apologize for this judgment. I believe that I can and must specify the particular badness of this sort of stuff.

Then came the avalanche. As it happens I am sitting the year out on a Fellowship to the American Academy in Rome and the avalanche descended on the New York office. The cable connects, however; the airmail has been flowing; and I have been receiving generous samples from the avalanche. *SR* tells me that hundreds of such letters have been received. The sampling that has been forwarded to me shows a remarkable consistency in language. The following phrases will serve to illustrate the whole range: "shocking . . . cruel . . . horrid person hitting below the belt . . . a mean low person . . . unfairness shouts aloud . . . totally unjust . . . gross discourtesy . . . lack of plain human decency . . . petty harshness . . . it leaves me with a sense of degradation for having read it."

The issues here—the first issues at least—are clear enough, but before addressing them, let me assure the avalanche of its own numerical strength and consistency. Of the hundreds of letters my review evoked, I have seen only two that might be called favorable. If there is reason in numbers, those who have been moved to object are certainly right. I am not yet persuaded, however, that the avalanches of indignation are an intellectual measure I can respect. If the excellence of poetry were determinable by a national election, I have no doubt that Edgar Guest would be elected the greatest poet in the English Language—by a landslide. I doubt that he is, and I doubt the pertinence of the present avalanche.

The first issue is clearly enough the ever-present *ad hominem*. I have at-

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tempted to show by principle and evidence that Mrs. Lindbergh writes not simply bad poetry, but contemptibly bad poetry. The answer to that proposition, according to the avalanche, is: "You are a mean low horrid person." The avalanche may be right about me. But my character has nothing to do with the proposition I have put forth, and with the principles I have attempted to introduce as measures of Mrs. Lindbergh's poetry. These principles are not my invention. They would have existed in human reckoning had I never been born. Clearly, therefore, they do not depend on me for their validity. It may even be that I am unworthy of the principles I have offered for discussion. It is still the principles themselves that are at issue. If I have mis-stated these principles, let the statement be corrected; if I have misapplied them, let my procedure be challenged; if I have misused evidence, let my error be shown.

A second charge, already implicit in some of the phrases I have cited, is made explicit in the following passage from one letter:

> Mrs. Lindbergh is (as everyone except Mr. Ciardi knows) a sensitive and intelligent person; she would have understood a more subtly worded criticism; and so would the readers of *The Saturday Review,* who are now more prejudiced against Mr. Ciardi than against Mrs. Lindbergh. . . . It is not necessary to use a sledgehammer to demolish a fragile shell.

I think this would be a valid criticism were it a fact that the premise of my review was to make Mrs. Lindbergh understand, or that she is indeed a fragile shell. I shall have more to say below about the fragile shell, but one of the main reasons for selecting *this* book for damnation in so many words was the very fact that it was obviously destined for considerable sale and general acclaim; that far from being a fragile shell, it was almost certain of solid sales and praise, as poetry goes. For better or worse I thought it necessary to make my disagreement strong enough to counterbalance the general vague approval the book was bound to receive elsewhere.

The fact that I have expressed myself as contemptuous of Mrs. Lindbergh's poetry is, as far as I am concerned, a necessary accuracy. I regret—I have already regretted it in my review—that my final considered judgment leaves me no other choice. I think these are slovenly poems. The title under which I sent in the review was "The Slovenly Unicorn." I do not understand why the title was changed by other *SR* editors. Slovenliness, I have always held to be the most contemptible of esthetic sins. I think I have established the existence of slovenliness in these poems. If I have failed to establish the existence of such slovenliness, my charge must, of course, fall through. If I have established it, and if slovenliness is indeed (as I believe it to be) contemptible, what choice have I but to consider these poems contemptible? I am sorry if that conclusion hurts Mrs. Lindbergh, but I am even sorrier that she writes such stuff. I should, of course, be delighted to have her grasp my objections and profit by them. More urgently, however, I am trying to establish as a policy of this magazine that poetry is a serious, dignified, and disciplined human activity which is not to be debased in the name of a counterfeit sentimentality that will not bother to learn the fundamentals of its own art.

It is that line I mean to defend. That, and the proposition that the discussion must go by principle. I am not aware of any compulsion within myself to assault the character of persons not known to me, and I do not believe that I have done so. I chose to affirm principles. It is certainly significant to me that I was able to find only two letters in the total avalanche that showed even so much as an awareness that a principle was involved.

AN AVALANCHE, moreover, is not only a descending mass; it is a release of stored-up forces. "Insulting," says one letter and then cites the "idiotic verse" I have chosen for *SR* since I became Poetry Editor. One letter speaks of "the animus which darkens" my criticism, then goes on to say that I "should have attacked Cummings and Eliot if what you crave is clarity of thought and meaningful use of words." One reader was moved to look up my own poems, and concludes that my recent poem to Dylan Thomas (*SR* Dec. 15, 1956) is no good. Another says practically nothing about the present review but gleefully reports having found an unfavorable review of my own last book of poems in the most recent issue of *The Hudson Review.* (You missed another in the *Yale Review* a few issues back.) One argues that it is all wrong to "dissect" poetry in this way because it is "too living a thing for close criticism." (I thought that particular bit of nonsense had been disqualified even as a topic for sophomore bull-sessions.) Another calls my review a "rude piece of writing" and goes on to school-marm me with the following: "I shall watch your pages for a poem by Mr. Ciardi and believe me if he doesn't make his ideas walk like good tin soldiers (with their *vizors down*) he'll come a cropper." (Dear Faithful Reader—I have had three poems in *SR* during the last year. I certainly hope none of them

(*Continued on page* 54)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIRTHYEARS

Below, in two alphabetical columns, are listed the names of forty American authors, two of whom were born in each of the years given in the third column. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Mo., asks you to assign the right years to the right authors, keying the first two pairs of parentheses on Column One and the second on Column Two. Birth certificates issued on page 55.

1. Thomas Bailey Aldrich	Stephen Vincent Benét	( ) ( )	1807
2. Sherwood Anderson	Louis Bromfield	( ) ( )	1809
3. Eugene Field	Willa Cather	( ) ( )	1811
4. Hamlin Garland	Edward Eggleston	( ) ( )	1819
5. Ernest Hemingway	T. S. Eliot	( ) ( )	1836
6. William Dean Howells	Zona Gale	( ) ( )	1837
7. Sinclair Lewis	Horace Greeley	( ) ( )	1850
8. Herman Melville	Bret Harte	( ) ( )	1856
9. Edna St. Vincent Millay	Lafcadio Hearn	( ) ( )	1860
10. Eugene O'Neill	O. Henry	( ) ( )	1862
11. Edgar Allan Poe	John Hersey	( ) ( )	1874
12. Robert Sherwood	Elbert Hubbard	( ) ( )	1876
13. Gertrude Stein	Ring Lardner	( ) ( )	1885
14. Harriet Beecher Stowe	Abraham Lincoln	( ) ( )	1888
15. Eudora Welty	Henry W. Longfellow	( ) ( )	1892
16. Edith Wharton	Bliss Perry	( ) ( )	1896
17. John Greenleaf Whittier	Elmer Rice	( ) ( )	1898
18. Kate Douglas Wiggin	Mari Sandoz	( ) ( )	1900
19. Tennessee Williams	Walt Whitman	( ) ( )	1909
20. Thomas Wolfe	Richard Wright	( ) ( )	1914

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Resurrection Will Out

NOVELIST Graham Greene's second play, **"The Potting Shed,"** is a clever manifesto thrown in the teeth of an unbelieving age. From the beginning we are conscious that the author has set up for us a troubled character trapped in a society that has hardened its senses against illusion, hope, and love. This character, James Callifer, is offered the choice of suicide, resigning himself to psychiatry's "relative truth that makes life tolerable," or the acquisition of the absolute if illusory belief in God.

With such a subject one might expect a great deal of religious moralizing, but Mr. Greene leaves most of the preaching to the opposition. For instance, in the first scene of the play, James's father, a sort of H. G. Wells-Bertrand Russell composite, is dying upstairs, and we see one of his disciples rehearsing the great man's funeral oration. With absurd show of earnestness he lauds the oblivion-bound headmaster with "To the Christian superstition of Eternal Life, he bravely countered with the truth, Eternal Death," Thus, in one sentence Mr. Greene has pinpointed the ridiculousness of considering a "nothing-and-nowhere" existence preferable to a "something - and - somewhere" one. Indeed, "nothing-and-nowhere" makes an excellent target for the playwright, and he takes witty potshots at the whole credo. These include: disastrous marriages ("I don't know anything about marriage, I never had the nerve to commit it."); neurotic and possessive love ("Isn't there a love that just exists without a want?"); the unfashionableness of reading the Bible (Q. "Who was Lazarus?" A. "Someone in a book."); inhibition of affirmative expression ("Sentimentality is what we always call a sentiment we don't share."); and psychiatry ("Courage can be a very difficult neurosis").

Mr. Greene's dramatic construction is less effective than his dialogue or his penetration of a vital subject. In his first act James is on the verge of suicide. His psychiatrist, using a truth drug ("Our father Methedrine, hallowed be thy name."), has been unable to break through to the basic trauma behind the neurosis. All he can find out is that it happened in the potting shed when James was a child. His mother knows but will not tell him. Thus, we have the slight detective story of James tracking down his own mystery. He is aided in his search by a thirteen-year-old niece, who seems almost American as she dares to do what the reserved British grown-ups would not. Through her persistence James finally arrives at the shabby living quarters of his uncle, whom he has not seen in thirty years. Uncle William turns out to be an alcoholic priest going through the motions of his job without faith.

Then ensues the only truly dramatic scene of the play, in which it is revealed to James that he had hanged himself in the potting shed, but that at his uncle's prayer he had been miraculously resurrected. The family doctor explained it away rationally, and Uncle William, who had offered up the thing he treasured most in life, his belief in God, in exchange for James's life, paradoxically lost rather than gained faith through the miracle.

Its major suspense now discharged, "The Potting Shed" attempts to hold us through a final act in which James's total conversion puts him in danger of an insane asylum. While this new suspense is artificial and weak, Mr. Greene is able to insert several interesting ideas. He equates life and after-life with waiting for a girl with whom you are in love: "You love being with her, but you also love every moment of the waiting." He points out that in Darwin's time doubt of God's existence was human liberty. But since the present generation "knows" He does not exist, does not doubt of His non-existence now become human liberty?

The erratic play is erratically acted. Dame Sybil Thorndike is so obviously broadminded and intelligent that we find it hard to believe her capable of the narrowness the character must exhibit. As James, Robert Flemyng soft-pedals a natural facility and a healthy good humor that in the past have been his undoing in non-comic roles. While the transition from the anguished James to the serene James might have been more dramatic and intense, Mr. Flemyng's performance rings very true. Frank Conroy plays the whiskey-priest with admirable tidiness, mixing a high degree of self-knowledge with desperate compulsion. That we do not quite see his regaining of faith at the end of Act II is probably the fault of the author, who tries to suggest it in one quick short curtain line. Sir Lewis Casson performs Callifer's disciple, an amusing twentieth-century Polonius. And Leueen MacGrath gives an unmannered and quietly effective performance as James's loving but unloved wife.

While one is refreshed by the almost complete absence of melodramatic overstatement director Carmen Capalbo has encouraged in his performers, one cannot help but notice that "The Potting Shed" seldom keeps moving under its own steam. Originally the playwright had counted on the device of the child who naively but omnisciently pushes the plot along. But in this production the device is played down and peters out in the middle of the play. A second device, the urgency of finding out about the potting shed, becomes irritating; an audience does not really appreciate going through an hour's investigation to learn what it knows the mother could have told it immediately.

Thus, the play adds up to a series of spot-checks on James Callifer's progress from suicidal nothingness to peaceful somethingness. Through these episodes Mr. Greene shows the pleasure rather than the morality of religious belief. But if it is somewhat unsatisfactory as a play, it is magnificently pertinent and challenging as a demonstration.

INTERVIEWED at his hotel ten days before opening night, the fifty-two-year-old writer spoke with the apprehensiveness of a man who has mastered one craft and thus recognizes how far he is from mastering another. "I'm not loosened up enough yet," he says, "And I don't take sufficient advantage of the director's technique." Nevertheless, he prefers playwriting to motion-picture writing, mainly because revisions in the theatre come about through seeing that something you've written does not work rather than because of someone's opinion in a story conference.

The majority of changes in "The Potting Shed" came in the third act, which originally lacked the reunion of James and his wife. The new, less pessimistic ending obviously pleases Mr. Greene, who is quite proud of the fact that in France he is considered an optimist. While he does not impress one as a terribly happy man, he has had the good fortune to have improved his frame of mind over what it was in childhood, when he, like James in the play, attempted suicide. Also like James, he had the lukewarm experience of psychiatric help, following this with a conversion to Roman Catholicism. "I have never seen a physical miracle like the bringing back to life of a dead child," he admits, "but I

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have seen what I regard a more inexplicable miracle, namely a complete mental change in someone I knew."

Mr. Greene's own conversion was originally a purely intellectual one, and it was only after many years of practising Roman Catholicism and watching the effect it had on others that he acquired real faith. As a writer his works have caused a furor among pedantic theologians, who are shocked at the suicide motif that runs through so many of his works. "Of course," replies Mr. Greene, "suicide is a mortal sin. But who is to say that a person committing suicide is in a *state* of mortal sin just because he dies without having confessed his mortal sin?"

The novelist is a renegade in more than just his attitude towards Roman Catholic dogma. When a student at Oxford he joined the Communist Party on the promise of a free trip to Russia, only to resign a few days later when the CP discovered his motive. As a result he burst into the news a few years ago by protesting against being refused a visa to this country. "Some American foreign-service officials encouraged me to make a case out of it in order to point up the absurdities of the McCarran Act," he says lightly. He does not believe that his scathing portrait in "The Quiet American" was provoked by this incident. However, Mr. Greene, who always mistrusts altruism, does lament the lack of sophistication in American foreign policy, and attributes much of it to the university training of our officials. "For real innocence," he adds, "you need university training."

The novelist-playwright is reluctant to criticize America while a guest within its borders, but it is obvious he doesn't really enjoy it here. "I do like your literature very much," he says. "Frost, Cummings, Hemingway, and Faulkner I particularly admire, but Thomas Wolfe not at all, and Steinbeck only with reservations."

He is less fond of British moderns and admits that the dying Callifer in "The Potting Shed" stands for "a whole crowd of dull dogs" of which H. G. Wells was perhaps the most famous.

As to the question of whether or not Wells himself ever came to doubt the certainty of his rationalistic credo, as did Callifer in "The Potting Shed," Mr. Greene provides an oblique answer. "In 1939 Wells wrote me and asked me for the early sources of the doctrine of Immaculate Conception. I was busy so I sent him a quotation from Ronald Knox without identifying it. He recognized it immediately, which suggests to me that he must have had a passionate concern with Catholicism." —Henry Hewes.

TV AND RADIO

Such Popularity . . .

I WOULDN'T myself say that a statistical abstract is in itself more entertaining than a television program, but one nice manageable statistic can correct a lot of misapprehensions about all television programs.

One of the obstacles to rational discourse about any mass entertainment is the inevitable cropping up of the word "popularity." It is used with awe or contempt, depending on the bias of the user, and it represents one of the least examined concepts of our time. It is, however, statistically measured to an extent when two programs on at the same time are subjected to comparative "rating." There is no philosophical proof that anyone is enthusiastic about either program, but there is proof that more people are willing to listen to or look at one of them than the other. Unpedantically we can say, Yes, the one is more popular than the other.

But when the layman is told that a program has been popular on the air for five years, he thinks of vast numbers of people tuning it in; he thinks of those tremendous ratings of 50 to 60. He has an image before his eyes: the population of the United States dividing their attention between two or three programs and then re-dividing to observe two or three others. Then, when the word occurs in an argument, when he is told that criticism of these popular programs indicates contempt for the taste of the people, he is silenced.

The manageable statistic is this: of all the programs on television presented to the American people, only a fraction of 1 per cent attract as much as half of the available audience.

I get this from an able and carefully documented study, "Broadcasting in America," by Sidney W. Head (Houghton Mifflin), and as I know the population of the United States I know that a program with a low rating may have 5 million viewers—which doesn't make it exactly unpopular. (Several years ago "Invitation to Learning" was sixty-ninth in popularity on CBS—but it had about a million and a half listeners.) What the little figure does is, however, useful. It reminds us that millions of individuals do not care for programs which are on the air. And that you cannot justify the qualities of a program which attracts only one-tenth as many patrons as the leaders do on the ground that it is "popular."

The broadcasters are to be praised for keeping these one-tenth-popular programs on the air. If they didn't, we should have a television system satisfying only one kind of audience. The less popular program provides variety, even if it isn't much good in itself. But these fringe programs must be defended, if they need defense, on the ground that they attract an audience big enough to pay their way—not on any sacred ground that the wants of the people must be satisfied.

THE low-rating program, once we know that it isn't "popular" in the grand sense, is a help also in considering the plight of the superior program. Some weeks ago the rating of "Omnibus" dipped, and if it hadn't had Foundation support it might well have disappeared. (It has had some excellent programs since and, I believe, it is regaining lost ground.) When a program of a high order of intelligence fails to attract a reasonably large audience, the broadcasters say what the movie-makers have always said, "Excellence doesn't pay off." The 99-plus-per cent of programs which attract less than half of the available audience reminds us that commercialism doesn't always pay off either.

The fact is, simply, that the incidence of failure in programs designed for popularity is very high. A hundred separate shows were tried and withdrawn from the television channels in one year—not one of them a highbrow job. The broadcaster keeps trying: some twenty programs were thrown into the time-spot opposite Milton Berle. But when a cultural program fails the blame is placed not on the program, but on culture—and the next proposed program of the same level has to overcome the hurdle of previous failures.

It strikes me as a point in favor of the American people that so many programs attract less than enormous audiences. It also strikes me that the broadcasters might try more programs off the beaten path to attract the slightly dissatisfied—try them as consistently and with as much conviction as they now give to their commercial efforts. —Gilbert Seldes.

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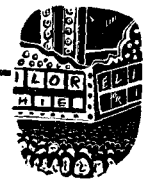

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

New Talent

I'VE HEARD it said that one way for potential tycoons to make the grade in Hollywood is to start out by making a Western or a crime picture. Let the big boys take a chance on art, so the philosophy goes; no sense in getting killed right off the bat. In that interesting Hollywood examination of its own insides, "The Bad and the Beautiful," you'll remember that the young producer-and-director team started out by making "B" horror movies, and eventually wound up with Academy Awards. However, some new pattern may very well be in the making, for here on hand is **"The Young Stranger,"** an exceedingly good movie made by three youngsters who have seen fit to break the rules. The director, the producer, and the screen-writer are all in the mid-twenties, and for each of them it is the first time around. John Frankenheimer, the director, started out in TV; so did Robert Dozier, the writer. Stuart Millar, the producer, accumulated his know-how by working as an assistant to William Wyler.

"The Young Stranger" is a quiet, thoughtful study of a teen-age boy who finds it hard to communicate with his parents. The father has become a success, so-called, and is a very busy man. The mother is involved in her social whirl, brought about by her husband's success, and is busy wondering if the marriage is going to hold up under the strain. Lost in the shuffle is their relationship with the boy, and, when he gets into a bit of trouble (not altogether his fault) the first assumption of his parents is that he has turned into one of those teen-age horrors who go around mutilating theatre seats, roughing up people, and growing side-burns. He isn't.

The story keeps ringing true, and is helped by the fine performances of James McArthur (son of Helen Hayes), and of Kim Hunter and James Daly, as the parents.

* * *

The Korean War continues to get its coverage in **"Men in War"** and **"Battle Hymn,"** and if one were to look at these two movies in succession one might think they were about two different wars. "Men in War" was made from Van Van Praag's novel, "Day Without End," and chronicles one day's events for a platoon cut off and surrounded by the enemy and attempting to make it back to its own lines. Robert Ryan is the platoon leader—and it should be noted what an unusually good film actor he is when he gets his chances—and Aldo Ray a sergeant with killer instincts who joins the platoon on its errie march. For the first half the film is superb. There is remarkable camera work, magnificent realistic studies of men faced with an all but hopeless situation, and some stunning, quite harrowing suspense as one gets the idea that the platoon is surrounded by a quiet, remorseless enemy.

The second half is not quite so good, as the heroics get thicker, so to speak, finally culminating with Ryan and Ray storming and knocking out an enemy position. At that point it's standard war stuff. What puts the movie distinctly out of the ordinary is the direction, the believable way in which the men behave, the images, effective sheerly as images, and a notable music score by Elmer Bernstein. There are many first-rate acting jobs, including those by Robert Ryan and Aldo Ray, and also by Robert Keith, Phil Pine, and Vic Morrow. Philip Yordan wrote the screenplay, and Anthony Mann directed, both obviously very good men.

Universal may well have an obsession about "Magnificent Obsession," for they seem to be making that picture again under various disguises. "Battle Hymn" could easily have been called "Magnificent Obsession at War," even though the story is pretty much a true one and is based upon the experiences of Colonel Dean Hess, a Protestant minister turned Air Force flyer. While in Korea Colonel Hess was responsible for rescuing hundreds of war-orphaned children and for the establishment of an orphanage on Chejo Island. Hess organized the air-lift, in addition, that got the children there safely. "Battle Hymn" is in CinemaScope and Technicolor, which may be why the war looks prettier in the Universal version; it also has some good flying scenes, and some taut moments. It may be the script that is at fault for certain moments of obvious sentimentality. Might have been better not to go so all out for that lump in the throat, which is inherent in the material anyway. Rock Hudson plays the Colonel, and Anna Kashfi is the prettiest and most exotic little mistress of an orphanage you ever saw.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mödl in "Siegfried," Toscanini Memorial

BROADLY speaking (and meaning nothing personal) Wagnerian sopranos can be divided into two categories: those who can take the difficulties of such a role as the "Siegfried" Brünnhilde in stride, and those who are, eventually, taken by the role. There haven't been too many of the former at any time, which leaves Martha Mödl, who made her Metropolitan debut recently in the next-to-last "Ring" drama, among the human majority rather than the inhuman minority. She is very good within her limitations, but the limitations are there to be reckoned with.

When she faced the difficult moment of awakening (11:20 p.m.) and pealed forth some rich tones in "Heil dir Sonne," it seemed that the Metropolitan might have found the appealing singer for this part for which it has been looking. Reasonably well proportioned, an attractive-looking woman with a brightly burnished blond wig, Mme. Mödl had dignity in her bearing, composure in her manner, eloquence in her voice. All these qualities, plus the kind of Wagnerian intelligence that goes with a Bayreuth background, were constant so long as the part lay within manageable range.

For her, this sounded to be best in the F to F octave, with an accessible A, and a possible B. It was bright and well-focused when the music didn't move rapidly, or a mezzo-forte or louder was acceptable. Higher than B she encountered serious trouble, and in agile passages or the softer ones the pitch became uncertain and the tone breathy. Mme. Mödl is an interesting performer and clearly a sincere one, but her vocal "reach" is short.

Altogether this "Siegfried" ended rather as it had begun: with all sorts of serious endeavor and no really prime impersonations. Otto Edelmann may become an outstanding Wanderer (the Wotan role in this segment), for he is already a very good one. Lacking still are the total command of a fine, if somewhat light, voice, the kind of dominating presence that comes only from performing experience. But he can be heard with pleasure in any "Siegfried" cast, no slight recommendation.

As for the Siegfried, who is on stage virtually throughout this work, Wolfgang Windgassen showed himself possessed of qualities above the ordinary. He is, for one thing, a robust singer who can maintain activity and efficiency from start to finish. He is a little oversized for believability in the part (Set Svanholm, when he first appeared ten years ago was a paragon in this respect), but he works diligently at being boyish without straining the attention unduly. Vocally, he is happier than he was in "Walküre," producing the bright quality wanted for the friskier music, and also measuring to the requirement for a darker vocal sound after he has slain the dragon and moved closer to his destiny.

Norman Kelley showed the makings of an excellent Mime in his first effort with this taxing role, and Kurt Böhme did what was required of Fafner. Gerhard Pechner was the veteran of the cast, as Alberich, Jean Madeira (Erda) and Laurel Hurley (The Voice of the Forest Bird) a pair of fledglings not too certain in their parts. In straining to produce the volume of sound required for Erda, Miss Madeira has rather lost her tonal identity without finding the kind needed for a real effect in such a part.

Taken together, the performance directed by Fritz Stiedry walked more than it ran. Where Wagner provided a full-throated climax (the ends of the acts, particularly) Stiedry supplied the energy to produce an effect. But it is the conductor's responsibility to assume leadership where leadership is most necessary—in the in-between, transitional episodes—and this Stiedry failed to do. Herbert Graf's staging maintained the well-considered plan previously admired, amid Simonson sets which are brightest when they are darkest, and most illusive when they are least visible.

The week otherwise provided the first acquaintance with the Countess in "Marriage of Figaro" as conceived by Licia Albanese and Figaro according to Giorgio Tozzi. Neither could be considered a success for different reasons. Miss Albanese (as Susanna) took part in some notable "Figaro" performances in the Metropolitan, but she is not happy, dramatically, in the quieter part of the Countess, and her voice is unpleasantly pinched and lacking in warmth for "Porgi amor" or "Dove sono." Experience is her great ally in the ensembles, but that can be an asset only when the voice is more responsive. Tozzi has voice in abundance, but not yet the ease or flexibility in comedy to make suitable use of it. Rosalind Elias, as Cherubino, showed aptitude and an outspoken

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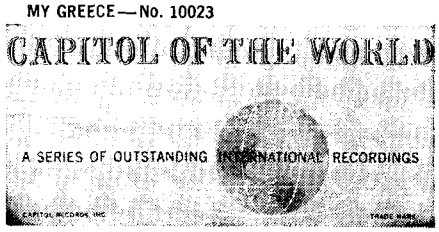

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vocal quality which may come to real utility. Nadine Conner and Martial Singher were familiar elements in a non-gala cast conducted by Max Rudolf.

THREE men of good will joined the Symphony of the Air early in February to pay a memorial tribute of music in Carnegie Hall to the late Arturo Toscanini. Bruno Walter conducted the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, Charles Munch followed with Debussy's "La Mer," and Pierre Monteux concluded with Elgar's "Enigma" Variations. The choices, to a certain extent, dictated themselves, but the relationship to Toscanini was strong in each instance, particularly the Beethoven, which appeared on more programs of his American career than any other symphony, and the Debussy, which was an equal favorite. The Elgar came rather late into the Toscanini repertory, but he gave several eloquent performances of it during his last years.

Taken together, it made a memorable evening of symphonic music, closest, perhaps, to the spirit of the past master in its avoidance of ostentation and show. Applause was discouraged, and a scattering of it shushed as it erupted. Perhaps, in a strict sense, this was foreign to the nature of a public concert, but for the few hours involved Walter, Munch, and Monteux were working in a spirit of reverence often invoked but rarely present.

MORTON GOULD has made a serious effort to write a serious piece in the "Jekyll and Hyde Variations," which Dimitri Mitropoulos introduced recently with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. Presumably Gould would let us know that he is not incessantly brash and flippant, or always as lighthearted as his best-known pieces suggest. In this, for a matter of fact, Gould was undertaking a Jekyll and Hyde transformation of himself, which might have been turned to better results with a different theme—and for that matter, a different set of variations. The theme we heard was rather austere, no matter how well it worked backwards to provide the composer with the "personality change" implied in his title. As for the variations themselves, and the variants of variants they contained, one was not quite sure whether Gould, with his sleight of hand, was pulling a rabbit out of hat, snatchng a handkerchief from a sleeve, or making musical wine out of tonal water. When the trick itself is unrecognizable, there's something wrong with the handiwork . . . no matter what gimmick is invoked.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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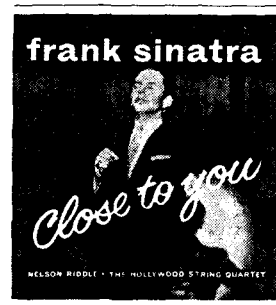

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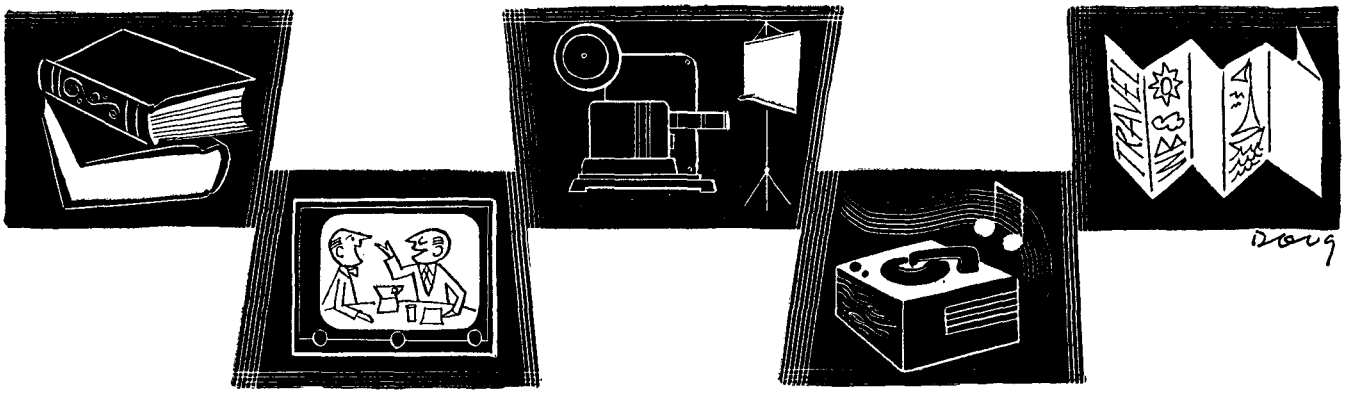

TELEVISION: TEACHING'S NEWEST TOOL

Slowly, Educators Are Moving to Discover and Use Its Potentialities

By JACK MABLEY, *staff writer,* Chicago Daily News.

ON A Tuesday evening last month the largest educational television station in the United States presented these programs in this order during the evening:

An exploration in modern art by University of Chicago faculty members.

A film about Israel.

"The Case of the Clubby Molecule," explaining the principles behind the joining of molecules.

A half-hour devoted to the cleft palate.

Walter Kerr of the *New York Herald Tribune* discussing poetry with W. H. Auden.

Social Science 101, Lesson 42—Meaning of Work, a college credit course.

There can be no better evidence of educational television's dedication to programming for groups with special interests. There is a potential television audience of 6,000,000 in the Chicago area, and it is safe to assume that none of these programs appealed to a majority of it. But these specialized groups deserve to see programs that appeal to them.

There were twenty-two educational television stations in operation in this country as 1957 began. Some were as violently independent in their programming as the biggest station, and others felt an obligation to program for large potential audiences. It is impossible to generalize about the characters of twenty-two different educational television stations. They are as uniquely different as twenty-two universities of assorted sizes, endowments, and academic standards.

One thing they have in common—a government permit that forbids them to sell time, and that charges them with providing programs that are educational and in the public interest.

In 1952 the Federal Communications Commission set aside 258 channels for educational TV stations. Eighty-six are in the popular VHF wave band. One hundred and seventy-two are in the UHF band. The FCC tried to allocate the channels so that every area in the nation was within a reasonable distance of a station.

The twenty-two stations on the air at the start of 1957 had a potential audience of forty million. Eight other stations were in various stages of construction and were expected to be broadcasting by the summer of 1957. Eight additional communities were showing enough interest to be near the application stage, and some twenty others were actively interested in eventual development of stations. The Joint Committee on Educational Television asked the FCC to reserve the educational channels in the hope that eventually all 258 might be activated.

"For better or worse," Richard B. Hull, director of radio and TV for Ohio State University, recently told educational broadcasters, "the rough outlines of a national framework for radio and television education have now been sketched out in a time of population pressure and an increasing array of problems for all levels of education—the schools, the colleges and universities, and the adult educators. The question is not whether to use educational television or educational radio in the educational crisis—the question is whether or not the personnel and the facilities available and potentially available will be sufficient to meet the need in the future."

Educators themselves will acknowledge there is probably no group in the country which is slower to move or to change than the schoolteaching profession. Many educational groups had to be pushed into exercising the rights to the TV channels which the FCC handed to them. Extreme caution is the rule in the programming of most educational stations.

One pattern already is clearly established. The operators of the educational stations have not confused themselves with entertainers. There has been little concession to the mass audience, although many stations were made possible by contributions from the masses.

There are three basic kinds of stations. One is the single agency station, in which case the license is issued to one institution. The state universities of Nebraska, Illinois,

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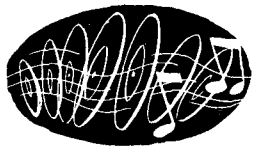
The Latest on Teaching Tools

A LULL is reported in the textbook field after the flurry a few years back, when Allen Zoll of the so-called National Council for American Education, and Lucille Cardin Crain, editor of *The Educational Reviewer*, were rallying community groups to ban certain manuals (usually in the social sciences) because of alleged Socialist, Communist, and subversive traits.

However, minority and trade groups continue to pressure and vex textbook publishers in lesser ways. If a picture of Idaho potatoes is shown in a geography, Maine potato growers are sure to protest. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People urges that pictures of racially-mixed classes be included in texts; the publishers don't want to lose sales in the South. Religious and various ethnic groups fret that the contributions of their people are not adequately acknowledged in histories. And so it goes . . .

Opposition to the use of TV for teaching has been abandoned by the publishers as unwise. In fact, cooperation with telecasters is the order of the school day. Nevertheless educators are convinced that video will never exile the book: at best it can only be supplemental. So plans are under way to groom textbooks to TV.

CONSTERNATION flares among some spectators of the educational scene over the possibility that the audio-visual director may disappear in favor of the school librarian or textbook administrator, into whose hands would fall all printed and mechanical teaching aids: books, maps, pictures, film-strips, motion pictures, *et cetera*. However, no diminution of these adjuncts to learning is thereby anticipated. It's just a question of whether the new order will be as adept with them as the old.



SPINNING on turntables, the voice of the schoolmaster is heard in our land. Columbia Records, whose Educational Department has culled many a thoughtful platter for classroom and home, has on LP songs of the Confederacy, along with brochure; Edward R. Murrow's "I Can Hear It Now" discs; CBS correspondents reporting the signing of the Magna Charta, the Battle of Gettysburg; Bruno Walter rehearses Mozart for "The Birth of a Performance"; Leonard Bernstein shows how Beethoven's Fifth might have sounded if the composer had followed his original jottings; how—in "What is Jazz?"—William Shakespeare can be swung. Under "Social Studies," the Columbia World Library of Folk and Primitive Music offers tunes from all lands; under "Language Studies" are foreign songs for children, dramatizations, recitations, and music based on literature and legend—besides such conversational aids as "Embrasse-moi Bien," sung by Jacqueline François avec Orchestre. The heart also beats on two medical platters in the rather limited "Science" section, which, more usefully, features as well a 45 rpm, "Now We Know," explaining what is an atom, a molecule, how radar works, and, necessarily, television.

FORTY-FIVE, full-color frames make up each of the filmstrips now available from Enrichment Teaching Materials to visualize highlights in the "Landmark" series of juvenile books, several of which have been dramatized by professional scriptwriters and performers for the Enrichment Records.

"Suez" and "Egypt-Israel," by Edward R. Murrow, are topical additions to McGraw-Hill Text Films, which include Mr. Murrow's "Report from Africa" and the "See It Now" series, as well as the "Omnibus" re-creations of history produced by the Ford Foundation's TV-Radio Workshop.

North Carolina, Ohio, and Michigan have such stations.

A second type is the statewide network, where a state educational agency is the licensee and state funds finance the operation. Alabama has a network of three outlets. Oklahoma and Wisconsin have state licenses.

Yet another type is the community station, operated by a non-profit corporation set up for the purpose, and which in most cases includes the principal educational and cultural organizations in the community. St. Louis, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Memphis, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit, and Boston have such stations.

The extent to which educational television can be an aid to learning is limited only by the imaginations of the operators of the stations. A huge board of directors looking over the shoulder can be an inhibiting factor, of course. So can money, or lack of it, although commercial television quickly proved that the lack of funds was one of the best stimulants to creative television.

The camera naturally will move into classrooms, and some classrooms will move into television studios. The result is almost too obvious to point out—a teacher who is dull in a classroom will be dull on TV. The natural teacher who sparks a classroom into life will surely be a good teacher over television.

An outstanding example of the latter type is that early hero of educational TV, Dr. Frank Baxter of the University of Southern California. His "Shakespeare on Television" started in Los Angeles as an educational presentation, and was so good it went on the CBS network. A couple of early ETV children's shows were so attractive they became commercial. The educational telecasters give up their stars ungrudgingly and set to work to develop new attractions. Commercial broadcasters are reciprocating. Just the other day NBC appropriated $300,000 for cooperative efforts.

Courses over television for which high school and college credit are given have proven practical, and now are common. One of the early projects of WQED in Pittsburgh was helping thirty-nine adults earn high school diplomas by finishing courses at home watching a series called "High School of the Air." In 1955-1956 the enrollment grew to 538 adults.

College credit courses are given on most stations.

But just how effective is TV teaching? Research to find out was begun soon after educational stations came on the air to measure the effectiveness of TV teaching. The results cleared the way for almost unlimited TV instruction. Penn State Uni-

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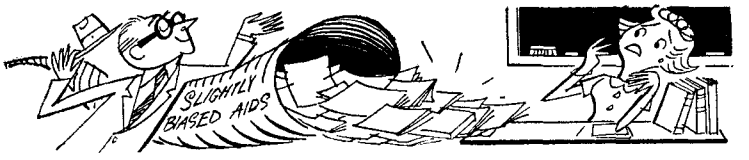
versity tested instruction in general psychology, general chemistry, and psychology of marriage and found that in ten of eleven tests the television students learned just as much as classroom students.

Television has come along just in time to give educators a flexible tool with which to deal with the flood of youngsters who are swamping the schools. By the time they hit the high schools and universities, techniques will have been developed that will make the medium at least as effective as the classroom in lecture and demonstration work. There can be a teacher shortage, but there is no likelihood of a shortage of TV sets. School buildings are being designed to include television viewing rooms. TV is being used to train teacher personnel. Cincinnati expected to have a television set in every primary school in the city sometime this year. This will mean an audience of 200,000. In Philadelphia 100,000 students a week have been watching in-school telecasts.

But this is only the beginning. Charles H. Silver, president of the New York City Board of Education, has stated: "I look forward to the day when television will be one of the most powerful and stimulating instruments at the disposal of the classroom teacher. Its power of immediacy, its intimate appeal to children, the effectiveness with which it can pinpoint the smallest detail of whatever it looks at, these are just some of the reasons why we must learn how to fit it into the administration and methodology of our modern schools. Like the other excellent classroom aids which have preceded it, television will assist but never replace the teacher."

A week ago Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard, former superintendent of schools in Philadelphia and Los Angeles, urged that every public school be equipped with closed-circuit TV in order to raise the quality of instruction, overcome the critical shortage of teachers, and provide the necessary funds for substantial increases in teacher's salaries. He estimated 100,000 teaching positions could be saved and more than $500,000,000 in salaries.

The safest generalization to be made about educational television stations is that they will follow the pattern of other American educational institutions. There will be good teachers and bad teachers, stuffy stations and stations with crisp programming. Some will be in a never-ending struggle for money and some will grow fat with endowments. But all will provide a life-saving cushion against the onrushing mass of children asking for educations.



Sometimes Good Things Are Free

Coping With the Teaching Aids Supplied by Private Groups is a Major Educational Problem

By THOMAS E. COONEY

ALONG with the problems of bus schedules, hot lunch programs, basketball games, and PTA meetings that keep public school teachers and administrators busy these days, is a headache about which relatively little is spoken outside professional circles. This is the mixed blessing being conferred on the American school system by the education and public relations departments of business and industry, trade organizations, and labor unions in the form of "free and inexpensive" teaching materials.

Just about every day's mail brings to the desk of a school superintendent, a principal, or a classroom teacher some kind of book, pamphlet, or chart designed to show that Western civilization would grind to a halt if it were not for the starry-eyed efforts of the folks who produce plastic covers for push-buttons and the like.

Taking advantage of the fact that modern theories of education are hospitable to "units of work" on subjects which, like transportation and communications, cut across traditional subject matter lines, many of these private organizations now offer such units completely tailored to classroom use. Typical of them are the offerings of the Petroleum Institute of America, one for junior and senior high schools consisting of about fifteen pamphlets and charts, a color film strip entitled "Oil from Earth to You," and a seventy-page teacher's handbook. The various pamphlets are keyed to science ("The Chemistry of Petroleum"), social studies ("Oil and How It Fits Into the American Economy"), and conservation, while the handbook gives the teacher exercises and activities that will utilize the information about petroleum as contributions to all these areas of education. Similarly, the Glass Container Manufacturers Institute provides a short illustrated pamphlet unit on the history of glass and glass containers, also buttressed by suggested questions and activities.

Other organizations offer a wide range of supplementary material in the form of films, recordings, film strips, pamphlets, papers, charts, models, conducted field trips, and even live speakers. So numerous have these teaching aids become that a whole secondary field of commercially produced catalogues of them has sprung up. A current catalogue devoted almost two hundred pages to films and film strips that are available either free or at nominal cost.

There is, moreover, a publication called *Educational ABC's,* which is likely to appear periodically on a school principal's doorstep, in several-hundred-copy lots, unsolicited and absolutely free. When he looks inside this little magazine, the principal discovers that it is divided into sections ("A for Automobiles," "B for Banks") devoted to "telling the story" of a phase of the business system.

While the private outfits that spend considerable money and effort to produce and promote these elaborate aids may be motivated by a spirit of public service, it is a safe bet that they are also highly intrigued by the possibilities of addressing a malleable captive audience of over thirty million school children on a subject dear to their hearts.

An example of a year-round program of teaching units is that on fire prevention and safety sent out by the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. Naturally, insurance companies who tell the public how to preserve life and property are motivated less by compassion than by the hope of reducing the number of claims they have to pay. Another approach is that of the National Association of Manufacturers, which has a whole corps of trained lecturers who present a series of talks on "How Our Business System Operates." Organized to fit into various grade levels and adult discussion programs, these talks are built around an ingenious portable, changeable chart called a "flannel board." Onto a background of flannel

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the speaker can put little adhering flannel shapes to indicate visually the relations among the various parts of the business system. These talks, originated by the DuPont Company, are given free to teacher and administrator groups so that they may learn how to use the kit and handbook that NAM supplies, with complete teaching instructions. Obviously, NAM has a vested interest in circulating its particular conception of the business system.

So have the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, General Electric, Ford, General Motors, Bristol & Myers, and General Mills, all of which provide extensive resources in free teaching aids. Foreign governments, through their embassies and information centers, provide booklets and films that are sometimes mere travelogues and sometimes complete sets of pamphlets, posters, and maps (like one distributed by the government of Portugal) designed to give background information for geography, and, of course, to praise a particular political and social system. The Southern New England Telephone Company supplies schools in its area with small telephone hookups for teaching dialing, and a unit called "Telezonia" whose movies, pamphlets, and film strips provide a regular communications unit in grades three and four in many local schools. The Aetna Casualty and Safety Company has lent to driver-education departments in high schools all over the country a unit that consists of fifteen mock-up sets of automobile controls that are operated by pupils in response to driving situations flashed on a movie screen in front of them.

Out of the mixture of motives behind these varied items there comes, therefore, much that is good, much that is tendentious, and some that is downright bad. Aside from the physical problem of where to put the stuff as it pours in, the educator's main task has become to separate the educationally useful from the irrelevant. Because the American system of public education is decentralized, this task devolves upon local superintendents, principals, and to a large extent upon the individual teachers.

Experience with the pressures of private organizations has made most educational administrators quite sanguine about the motives and content of the free materials offered them in this manner. One New England superintendent recalls that a few years back the state manufacturers association sent him some teaching aids with a strongly worded letter advising their adoption. The superintendent thought the material too biased, and so rejected it. He then received a letter asking him to report whether he had used the stuff, and what his opinion of it was. When it became clear to the association that he was not going to use it, the superintendent received yet another letter, pointing out that the association had gone to considerable expense to produce the material and mail it to him, and that he should think twice before depriving his pupils of this fine educational opportunity. The superintendent simply ignored the whole matter, and later discovered that four other superintendents in his state had had exactly the same experience.

Out of such situations, and out of an awareness of the often blatant advertising and propaganda that is contained in the material they receive, educators have evolved certain standards for the adoption of teaching aids. The first principle, as enunciated by the pamphlet "Choosing Free Materials" published by the American Association of School Administrators, is to remember that such materials are best used as supplementary rather than basic teaching devices. Only those aids that contribute effectively to a carefully planned learning situation should be adopted. For this reason, it is wise for every school to have a screening committee made up of teachers as well as administrators, so that uniformity of instruction at various grade levels can be preserved. Granted that a given teaching aid legitimately augments a basic program, the principal objections to it may be that it is mere advertising, or that it presents biased information. The pamphlet mentioned above asserts that advertising is objectionable when it tries "to establish the exclusiveness of a particular product or service." Some schools permit no mention even of the sponsor's name, while others allow him to name his products and identify his company, so long as he does not try to promote them.

Are "Free" Films Good?

ACCORDING to one survey, 86 per cent of the high schools in this country use "free films" in the classroom as direct teaching aids or as general background information. If the report errs, I would imagine it is on the conservative side. Are the kinds of business-sponsored films that are being made worth showing in valuable class time?

There is nothing wrong with business-sponsored films that a little competition couldn't cure. As free films they are shown in many schools (and hospitals, jails, church groups, and clubs) that have little or no budget to buy or rent the 16mm films that are available for a fee. They are gift horses into whose mouths their docile audiences seldom look. If sponsors are willing to believe these audiences, they will be reassured that their films are "good," "wonderful," or "great"—depending upon the personality of the individual who fills in the postal reply card after the showing. If the sponsor made his film for purely selfish reasons (as is generally the case), he will count each "thanks a lot" as a potential sale or a sector of the public ready to respond favorably to all the causes that concern his company. But any sponsor will tell you that this is not the way he does business: words of praise and thanks mean nothing; it is cash sales that count. Rarely does the audience of these films remember a week later what the film was about, much less who made it—even if the manufacturer's name is repeated a dozen times.

Until sponsors understand the necessity of producing films that stand up well alongside the best of those that are commercially produced, until they begin to compete with each other to produce the most useful films (not necessarily the most expensive or the most attractive), until they begin to think of responsible leadership in education, their films are likely to remain suspect.

Some enlightened firms contribute the money for needed educational films, turning over the job of script supervision to a qualified non-commercial organization. Something along these lines has been worked out by the U.S. Bureau of Mines. The Bureau supervises the production of films on mining and metallurgy that are paid for by commercial companies, their only credit being a dignified printed line on the opening titles. From such team work have come many acceptable films about the natural resources of various states, and so interesting a film as "The Petrified River," the story of uranium and its present uses, sponsored by the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation. The Bureau distributes these films without charge to many educational film libraries.

Another interesting kind of support is that given by the Burroughs Corporation to the Detroit Institute of Arts for the production of special films on its painting collections. "Portrait of Holland" and "The Expressionist Revolt" are two fine results of this sponsorship, and they are good enough to have been accepted for commercial 16mm distribution by Film Images in New York.

—CECILE STARR.

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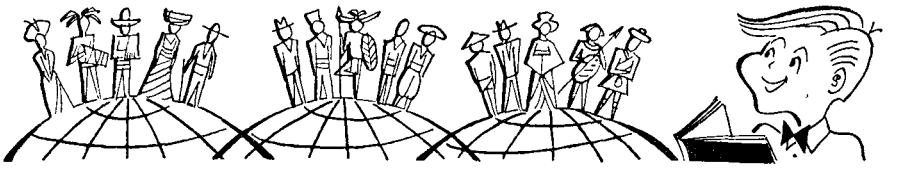
"Choosing Free Materials" goes on to point out some of the characteristics that will identify biased materials: (1) convictions presented as facts; (2) one point of view stressed in an obviously two-sided issue; (3) emphasis on the negative side of some question; (4) theme and presentation dealing with matters of basic concern to organizations in competition with the producing agency. Screening committees are even urged by school administrators to select examples of biased material so that teachers may learn to spot bias by studying the techniques of slanted argument.

It would seem that the best general defense against the infusion of too much outside material from private sources lies in the way our schools develop and administer their curricula. These are usually planned several years in advance, in most cases around series of graded textbooks produced by reputable publishers. There is always room for supplementary materials, but the ephemeral nature of such items, their unpredictability, and the cost of producing them on a really large scale, make it highly unlikely that they can ever do more than provide an accompaniment to regular planned text and audio-visual curriculum materials. Certainly their production is costly. One agency that sends out a tremendous bulk of free material estimates that a thirty-two page pamphlet with photo-offset text and illustrations costs them 4½ cents per booklet to produce in lots of 200,000. To reach even one-third of the school children in America with such a small item would cost well over a half million dollars when mailing costs are added.

Teachers and administrators seem to be less concerned about the difficulty of *detecting* bias, advertising, and propaganda in the "free" material offered them than about the sheer volume of the material that they have, in good conscience, to store, classify, and catalogue. They feel that they can recognize useful material and reject the bad, but that they don't have enough time to do so properly. The most common plea from educators to the suppliers of free teaching aids is, "Send the stuff to us well in advance of the school term it ought to be used in, because we plan our presentations in advance, and in detail." The motto of educators who have the task of winnowing this vast harvest of material seems to be "Let the receiver beware." And, within the limits of our general commitment to the free-enterprise system, they seem to be alert and steadfast in protecting their pupils from advertising, propaganda, and indoctrination.



Let's Study the World

A New York University Professor Bids Us Create a School to Fit a Shrinking Globe

By FREDERICK L. REDEFER

SINCE World War II American education has been spiritless. Conventions and professional meetings have been dull and repetitious, focussing their attention almost exclusively on bricks and mortar, salaries, and a defense of the three R's. Now admittedly the shortage of teachers and classrooms is a major national crisis. But is it education's only crisis? If we had all the teachers we needed, if we had a desk and chair for every pupil, if we had more money to pay better teachers more, would American education then be doing the best possible job? Of course not, because there still would remain the question that is almost totally ignored nowadays: What shall we teach? Amid all the furor of the last ten years, educators have succeeded, along with most of the public which they serve, in sidestepping the question of how education ought to react to the greatest change that has yet occurred in the human environment. The world has become a community, but American education is still confined to a parochial, national view of the world. How to educate children for living in the shrinking world community may be the most important question of this age.

There has been, of course, plenty of dispute about what should be taught, but most of it has been on what might be called the *tactical* level: how should reading be taught; how much and what kind of vocational education should be given. On the major *strategic* level there has been very little discussion. We seem to be unwilling to consider a basic change in the view of the world which our schools present to their pupils. But the world has changed, nevertheless, and perhaps we had better address ourselves to the task of recording that change and adapting to it.

For many years, it has been a common practice in elementary schools to study a people of a foreign land and their "quaint and picturesque ways of doing things." By and large however, these sentimental journeys fall far short of today's need for understanding basic concepts, patterns of living, and ways of expression. In the higher grades these ventures abroad are drowned out by the concerns of nationalism and the concentration upon native culture. Only a few of all our secondary students study world history in high school and even these students receive a political history of the nations of western Europe and the United States. The Orient, Africa, and Latin America obtain scanty notice. Furthermore, in these historical studies it is the governments of nations and their conflicts that receive attention and not the people and their cultures. Is it any wonder that Americans (and other peoples with similarly parochial education) have difficulty in rising above a national viewpoint? Is it any wonder that among educated persons one hears mental stereotypes expressed toward whole peoples?

But here and there some parents and educators have seen the need for broader education, and have established pilot models of the kind of institution that they hoped would help the peoples of the world to live in the new community. The famous international schools in England, Germany, India, and Switzerland have been encouraging steps in the direction that all education must eventually take. Nonetheless, they, too, have avoided the really strategic changes in concepts that will be necessary. They have been international only in the sense that they had students from many countries.

I propose that we establish some schools that are truly international as a step in focussing worldwide attention on the need for this type of education. As a first step I propose that we establish an international center with an experimental school, a teacher training program, and an experi-

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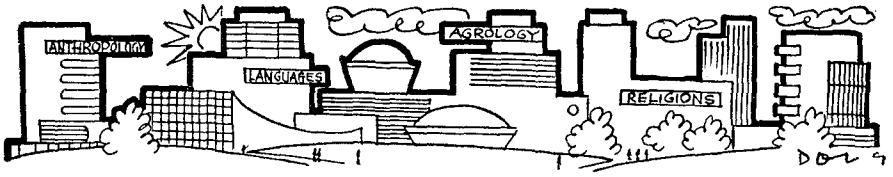


mental section to develop texts and other teaching materials. All nations, old and new, would profit from the stimulation of such a center that aimed to discover better ways of educating youths for living in a world community, better content materials, and better international studies.

What would such an international educational center be like? First, consider the personnel. Needless to say, the school would require a very carefully selected faculty of outstanding teachers and scholars drawn from the master teachers of all nations. Such a faculty might serve on a rotating system so that each year some of the faculty would return to their countries to spread the benefits of their teaching experience.

The center would also need writers, who cooperating with the faculty, would prepare and edit the classroom materials to be tried out experimentally. It would need research scholars to aid in digging out needed information and in finding better materials for use in teaching. It would need research specialists who would assist the faculty in evaluating the various aspects of the curriculum and the students' achievements. It would need language scholars and tutors, for such a school would offer unusual opportunities to experiment in language instruction. It would need adult education leaders to interpret its program to the host of professional and lay visitors who would come to observe its practices. It would need consultants for other schools interested in adopting some of its methods and materials. This would be feasible economically if the school operated in association with nearby universities.

The school itself would need special housing and equipment. Numerous visitors from all over the world would have to be provided for by special corridors, one-way vision observation galleries and by special conferring rooms. Such a school would need all the instructional equipment and tools of the modern world. It would need for secondary students and graduate fellows special dormitory facilities that would be in fact an international residence house with cultural and language sections to aid the school's language instruction. With such an International House, the student body of the school need not be limited by its geographical location. With ample scholarships for all national groups the school could be a United Nations in microcosm.

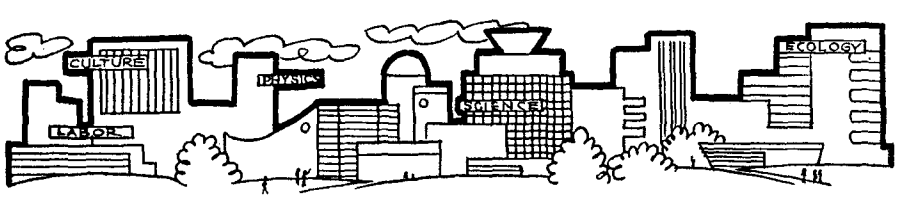
But these are administrative details. What might the educational program be like and how would it differ from that of the schools we now have? Not the least important feature would be that this school would be multilingual. In the early grades where communications within the school must be established the school would be bilingual. If it were located in New York City, for example, instruction in such a school might be in French and English with all the elementary faculty bilingual so that whole blocks of the day, whether they happened to be social science, mathematics, or literature could be conducted by the classroom teacher in either English or French. These two languages would be learned naturally, with formal grammar instruction postponed until a sense of the language structure had been felt. Besides English and French, if parents so chose, some elementary instruction in a third language would supplement the language of the home.

The child whose parents spoke German, Russian, or Chinese would be given some instruction in these languages. Some linguistically able youngsters might begin a third language in these tutoring classes, particularly if English or French were their own tongue. At twelve years of age there would be formal instruction in the two basic languages plus the beginning of a third. This third language might be of a different structure than those already known. All students would become tri-lingual with some of them able to read, write and speak in four languages. This is not an impossible goal where the language instruction is integral to the total program and is not another subject to be studied during set periods.

In the primary grades the curriculum headings might not differ from what one finds young children doing and studying in the school of the United States, Great Britain, and elsewhere. Children, under teacher direction, would engage in a balanced program that includes all the scholarly and creative activities. Science, mathematics, music, art, and the like would be taught as aspects of centers of interest by master teachers. Studies would be organized about such topics as transportation, foods, housing, clothing, communications, the community, or the occupations of man. Whatever was studied, however, would be studied as a world study. Illustrations and discussions would be on a world basis and principles underlying cultural patterns would be stressed rather than value comparisons. For this reason contrasting cultural groups would be studied simultaneously, rather than just one nation. Samenesses would be identified and differences would be accepted as normal and friendly.

Such a school would make heavy demands for cultural background on members of the faculty. The question arises: Can such teachers be found? Every significant advance in education has faced a similar staffing problem. On the basis of what has been done in the past, I am sure such teachers could be found.

On the junior and senior high school level, the world approach of the elementary years would be continued. It is in these later years that the richness of the world's culture could really begin to be tapped. Geography would cease to be confined to the elementary school. Literature, history, science could come alive with new materials never before included, and the potential richness of the world would be brought to the students. New studies might also be added to the program. An international school could not avoid a comparative study of the world's religions. Likewise, cultural anthropology would be needed, and ecology and agrology would be added in the science curriculum. The atom and atomic physics would be studied not as a civil defense measure, but as a new source of energy needed by man everywhere. Technology would take on new meanings as the problems of developed and underdeveloped nations were analyzed. In short and extended field trips, the pupils would learn from the world about them. In assemblies, conferences, and recitals, leaders from the United Nations, cultural ambassadors,



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artists, and scientists would share with these youths their contributions and their creations and their thoughts. Many national festivals and major religious holidays celebrated in this school would offer a means to build transnational understanding.

Such a school would aim to develop a deep understanding of those concepts necessary for world living. Children need to have a sound understanding of culture, race, nationalism, patriotism, religion, and such basic concepts. They need to know what the "world" meaning of poverty is, and to know about ignorance, ideology, class structure, illiteracy, health, labor, resources, and energy. They need to become sensitive to stereotypes in their thinking, to appreciate the increasing cooperation between peoples.

Will children in such a school learn about their own country, their own people? Certainly. Each student will be studying his own people and country whether the topic is in history, literature, housing, communications, or the United Nations. But such studies will not go on in isolation. All studies will be carried on with children of other countries, so that common elements and basic principles among peoples and between nations can be better understood.

Will these pupils develop a sense of belonging? Certainly. No one, except in a naive sentimental moment, identifies himself with all the people of his country, all the land, all anything, whether he be British, French, or Indian. These pupils will identify themselves as they do now, with some people they like and with some places they like, but this identification will now be transnational. They will include in their personal circles people they like whether they happen to come from Indonesia, Outer Mongolia, or Switzerland.

This international experimental center, if located, say, near the United Nations, could be a challenge to the world. It could be instrumental in focusing world attention and efforts on this important problem. An International School could show possible ways for other schools to follow or adapt to these conditions. It could help to prepare some of the materials necessary for school and community use in other countries and in this country. Such a school would require financial assistance, but the money is available. It has only to be committed to this important purpose.

Is such a center important? There is no more vital or urgent problem than educating young people to live in the modern world community. Should the most crucial educational task of this decade be tackled? What other choice is there for man?

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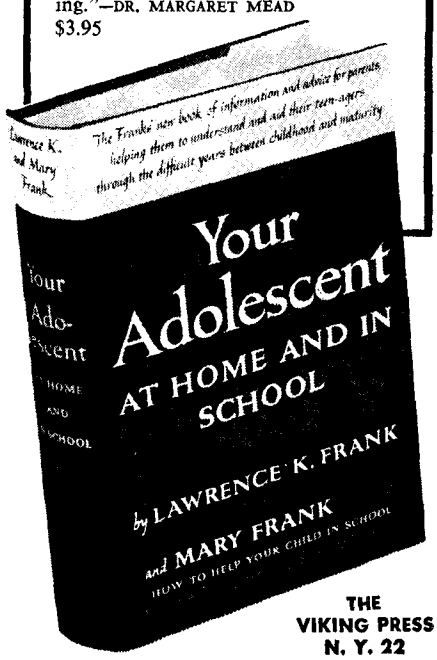

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A Mount Holyoke Girl's Horizons

By WILLIAM PETERS

THE Experiment in International Living, the creation of Donald B. Watt, celebrated its twenty-fifth year of operation last summer. A genuinely international organization, with permanent headquarters in eighteen countries, it has been responsible for sending or receiving young people to or from almost forty countries.

A quarter of a century ago, when Mr. Watt was beginning his Experiment, some people refused to accept it as educational, for there were no texts, no classrooms, no lectures, no examinations. The distinction between emotional and intellectual education escaped most educators with whom he talked, and Watt's test for the success of an individual's experiment—had he had a good time?—became a focal point for the derision of some teachers.

But such opposition, while it deterred educational recognition of the organization, did nothing to slow its growth. In 1956 alone, the American wing of the Experiment sent and received more than one thousand Experimenters and leaders into the homes of families foreign to them.

To see how the Experiment works, let us go back to the morning of July 8, 1955, when an American Experiment group debarked from the *S.S. Groote Beer* in Rotterdam, Holland. Eleanor Chaffee, of Belmont, Mass., one of the members of the group, had waited more than two years for this moment. A student at Mount Holyoke College, she had learned of The Experiment during her freshman year from a girl in her dormitory who had gone to Germany as an Experimenter. With her parents' encouragement, Ellie had worked for two summers to earn the money to pay her Experiment fee.

Groups were being offered, that year, to twenty-one countries, and she knew from friends who had been Experimenters that groups from other countries came also to the United States. The fees for an individual Experimenter varied from a little more than three hundred dollars for Mexico to almost $1500 for Japan. Fees for European countries were all around $700. But in the whole program, Ellie Chaffee had eyes only for Holland.

Since Holland was among the countries to which the Experiment sent English-speaking groups, knowledge of a foreign language would not be required of her, and that, too, was a factor in its favor. The families with whom she and the other members of her group would live would all speak English.

There was nothing unusual about Eleanor Chaffee's moment of doubt as she approached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nicol Henket of Heerlen, Holland. Hundreds of Experimenters to dozens of countries had felt the same hesitancy, the same nagging doubts, before her. They had known, as Ellie knew, that to become a real member of a family in another country is a difficult, challenging task, a job which calls for large reserves of intelligence, of tact, and of the ability to adapt and adjust within a close family environment in which most of the cultural cues of your own country are missing.

—*Lilly Stunzi.*

DONALD B. WATT, a sixty-four-year-old native of Pennsylvania, founded the Experiment in International Living in 1932. Although he has retired as active director of the American Experiment, he still travels constantly in its behalf and last summer led the first group of older adults (to Japan). In the past quarter of a century, more than 40,000 Experimenters have taken part in the program in thirty-nine countries.

The American Experimenter approaches his foreign family with the knowledge that their view of America and Americans may have come largely from American movies and magazines, from American tourists and soldiers. He knows that their judgment of Americans may be based more on their reaction to American foreign policy than on their acquaintance with individual Americans. If he is from Chicago, he anticipates questions about gangsterism; if he is from the South, he knows he will be asked about segregation. Whatever his origins in the United States, he can be relatively sure that he will be thought to be wealthy, privileged, and reasonably undisciplined. His task, in addition to adjusting to his host family and their ways of doing things, is to break through whatever stereotyped picture they have had of Americans and become an individual.

In her first several days with the Henkets, Ellie discovered many of the differences between the Dutch and American ways of doing things, or at least between the Henkets' and the Chaffees' ways, for she knew it was dangerous to generalize. She learned to be comfortable at night with the huge, flat pillow on her bed, to expect to find the doors leading to each room of the house continually closed, that marmalade was likely to mean strawberry jam and that you never put it on your plate, as you did in the United States, but rather directly on your bread.

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Though she didn't smoke, she discovered that it was considered impolite to enter a home as a guest and smoke your own cigarettes or even to offer one to your host until he had brought out his own and offered you one. At the table, where manners reached perhaps their greatest importance, she found it was rude to eat with your left hand in your lap. Instead, both hands were kept on the table throughout the meal, the wrists resting on either side of the plate.

There were periods of pure pleasure, moments when she felt herself really being accepted by the Henkets as one of them. There was the delightful experience of marketing with Mrs. Henket on her first morning in Heerlen, riding beside her on Bertien's bicycle through the lovely residential streets of the city until they reached a busy thoroughfare. There, Mrs. Henket stopped and warned Ellie to copy her hand signals, and mounting their bicycles again, they turned into the main street where cars and trucks threaded their precarious way among the many bicycles and motorbikes.

That morning, Ellie accompanied Mrs. Henket to the bank, the record shop, the bakery, the perfume shop, the book store, and the druggist's, who unlike American druggists, sold only medicines. Later, the two women went to the town square where market was in full swing; booths and tables jammed with fresh vegetables competed with cut flowers of every hue for the eye of the marketers. At one corner, a jolly-looking old man whom Mrs. Henket described in a whisper as a typical Dutchman stood in the center of a large crowd and sold bananas like an auctioneer.

Ellie had been with the Henkets two weeks when they set out in the family car for a week's trip through Holland. Leaving Aniek with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Henket, Hetteke, Hubert Jan and Ellie, their luggage strapped to a rack on top of the car, visited the city of Zwolle, then celebrating its seven hundredth anniversary. At night as she wandered through the old city with Hubert Jan and Hetteke, the canals floodlighted for the celebration by green and yellow lights, Ellie felt as though she were in another world.

During the summer Ellie and Hetteke went on a number of trips, one of them by canal boat through Holland's canals and across the IJsselmeer, the large lake which was formerly part of the Zuider Zee before it was enclosed by dikes. It was a glorious proof of the friendships which had been made, for the group, rather than splitting into two, became a cohesive unit composed of

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young people working and playing together. The young Experimenters and their Dutch brothers and sisters cooked all the meals, helped sail the boat, and bought provisions when they stopped at small towns along the way. There were long, wonderfully lazy days of baking in the sun on the deck, plunging into the cold water for a short swim, strolling through tiny Dutch villages in quest of food. And there were clear, star-filled nights of singing and discussion as the boat sailed slowly across the IJsselmeer, nights in which the young people talked about their experience together and how it could be improved for other, later Experiment groups.

By this time the Henkets had become Ellie's family, and she found herself comparing Hetteke and Hubert Jan with the Dutch brothers and sisters of the other Americans and always concluding that her family was the best. She felt a pride and identification with her family she would not have believed possible, and later, with the canal boat trip and a stay in Paris behind her, she found herself facing the group's departure for the United States with something approaching dread.

She knew, then, what she had been confident of before: that the difficulties of becoming a member of a foreign family were well worth surmounting, that the rewards of such an experience as hers made all the planning and preparation worthwhile.

This article is drawn from "Passport to Friendship," a book about the Experiment in International Living, by William Peters, to be published early in May by Lippincott.

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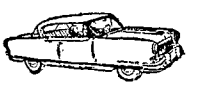

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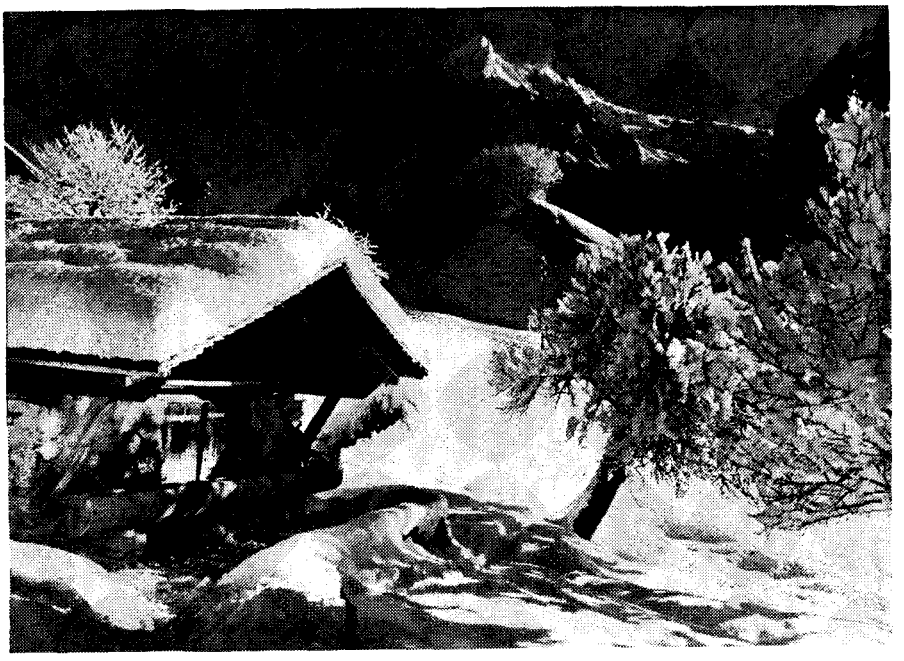

Grindelwald—"the snow was good."

ZOOMING in from adjacent lands, where the weather was unseasonably warm for mid-winter, I was altogether pleased to find Switzerland covered precisely, as the posters insist it always is at this time of the year, with a White Blanket of Snow. Debarking from Swissair's tidy aircraft at Zurich's tidy Kloten Airport, the white snow, the white buildings, and the bright sun were blinding to one who had left Oslo at eight-thirty in the morning when that northern city was still pitch-black. Getting up in the darkness and driving through the streets with the headlights gleaming after one has already had breakfast reminds me of nothing so much as the upsidedown days I spent in the employ of Uncle Sugar.

As usual, not a hair was out of place in Switzerland. The chocolate bars were piled high on racks, the clocks ticked away the time behind the airport counter where you can buy a watch or have one repaired between planes, and customs clearance was just as antiseptic and impersonal as ever. I had time for only the shortest walk along the Bahnhofstrasse in downtown Zurich before catching my train, but it was enough to marvel at the magnificent butcher-shops where the chops and the *schinken,* the sausages and the roasts paraded the window in parsley busbys with the precision of grenadiers, the distance between one cut and another not varying by a caliper's hair. There was time to buy a traveling alarm clock—I had left the last in Mexico two weeks before, a can of Nescafé's Instant Espresso, which cannot be bought at home, and an English printing of Michael Arlen, which on the train proved a disappointment.

As the tidy Swiss train rolled on to Bern I contemplated the compleat tidy Swiss who sat opposite me. He wore a hard wool suit complete with vest. The cables of his watch chain looped through the third buttonhole and came to anchor in the distant ends of his vest. He wore a stiff collar, rimless glasses with gold wire earpieces, and smoked cigars as he leafed through the four-page, pictureless newspapers, one after another. There was a plain gold band on his finger that proclaimed that his home life was tidy, too. The cigars and papers finished, he stretched out his stubby legs and his hiked-up trousers revealed a pair of black high-button shoes which I felt were really a cliche. I wondered if in his neat and disciplined life this Swissiest of Swiss was happy, and then it occurred to me that he was sleeping contentedly as we clackety-clacked through the tidy white countryside while my mind hopped over scattered thoughts like a hypertense frog in a pool of lilypads.

In Bern I heard that the snow was good in Grindelwald in the Bernese

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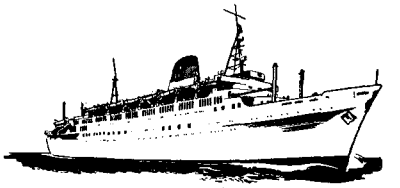

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Oberland, a village I could reach in less than two hours. I had been there last in the green of the summer of 1950. I rode the train as far as Interlaken-Ost and changed there for the narrow gauge that clanks upward into the Alps. At the platform in Grindelwald I found Mr. Charles Krebs, who is director of the Verkehrsbüro, and across the street at the entrance to the Hotel Regina I found Mr. Fred Krebs, who is its manager. They are not related, Mr. Charles being a son of the pre-war editor of *L'Illustration* and having spent most of his boyhood years in Paris. Mr. Fred had spent twelve years in the United States, six of them at the Waldorf in New York, and others at the Greenbrier and in installations in our National Parks.

Over a dinner of *quenelles* and beef and a local rosé it developed that Mr. Fred Krebs and I had served at the same army camp together and we agreed how it was a country club and said wasn't-it-a-small-world and went tooting off to find a sled to take us to the Gydis Bar, which is in the basement of the Park Hotel Schönegg and by virtual default is the best saloon in town.

THE Gydis Bar had been the cellar of a peasant house along about 1677, explained the hotel's owner, whose name, peculiarly enough, was not Krebs. Now, as a bar, it rather resembles the cellar of a peasant's house, since it is equipped with milking stools, a slate slab for a bar, worm-eaten tables, and candlelight. In this setting, while a barmaid fetched beer and *bündnerfleisch*, those dried red meat shavings that look as if they came from the walletmakers, the good men of Grindelwald explained that this village had not become a winter resort until 1888, when the Bear Hotel

—*Ewing Galloway.*

Zurich—"the parsley as precise . . .

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opened for winter sports. The tourists were mostly English and they took walks, went for sleigh rides, skated on the rink or practised curling, a sport introduced from Scotland.

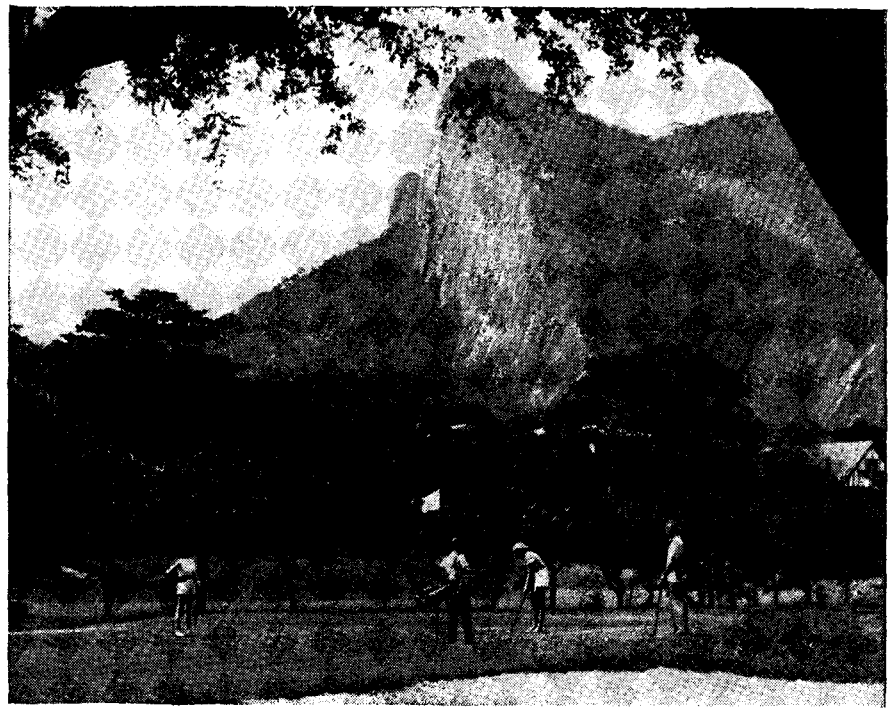
In 1891 an Englishman named Gerald Fox put on a pair of Scandinavian skis in his room, clattered down the hallway, and went sliding off down the white slopes. Tongues clucked all over the valley. Six years later a Russian and three guides crossed the Lauteraarsattel at 13,715 feet. The first Swiss, Fritz Steuri, later Swiss ski champion, didn't get his first pair of skis until 1898. By 1905 a pair of Norwegians were on hand giving the first lessons in the Telemark, the Christiana, and stemming. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote in an English magazine of the curious practices of skiing in Switzerland.

The old Bear Hotel has burned a number of times and is no more. The Park Hotel Schönegg, built originally as a chalet in 1868, was last rebuilt in 1953. It now has eighty rooms, thirty of them with bath, charging anywhere from $7 to $11 a day for room, three meals, service charges, tips, and local taxes. Figure $9 for a single with bath. The Schwarzer Adler, from whose balconies I had viewed the Alps in summer seven years ago, has now added ten new rooms and offers space for 100. It charges about $7.50 to $8.50 for a room with bath and meals, but add to that 12 per cent for service, twelve-and-a-half cents a day local village tax, and thirty-five cents a day for heating charge. Among other things, the Schwarzer Adler offers a back-of-the-house view of Swiss custom guards learning how to ski.

By far the handsomest and most modern establishment is Kreb's Regina, once known as the Regina Alpenruhe, or Rest of the Alps. One million dollars was spent remodelling

—*Ewing Galloway*

. . . as grenadiers . . . the roasts parading."



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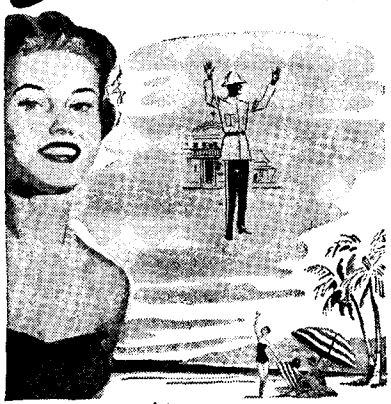

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it. It now sports 120 rooms, all with bath, phone, and radio and many with awesome views of the mountains. From the dining room the 7,000-foot peaks two miles away fill the picture windows to overflowing. In the cellar is the viewless grill room, where one can escape the mountains and dine in à la carte seclusion. Room and breakfast comes to $4 to $8 a day and full American plan anywhere from $7.50 to $15 a day per person plus fifty cents for heating charge and fifty cents for village tax.

When I awoke in the morning it was snowing and the mountains were a dull massif in the window. But scrapers were constantly at work keeping the ice clear and the whole expanse of it was occupied with curlers skidding the stones and excited men with brooms dusting in front to get extra distance out of each curl. In one icy alley Professor Hans Almer was conducting classes in the first Schweiz Curling Schule of Grindelwald. English visitors in their convoy coats and tweed caps watched. Villagers in handlebar mustaches watched and so did baker boys who had pulled up their *velogemmels* by the side of the road. A *velogemmel* is a bicycle of Grindelwald invention which has runners instead of wheels and is a dandy device, especially when traveling downhill.

Another prime attraction is Grindelwald's immense chair lift, which travels uphill for two-and-a-half miles lifting you 3,000 feet while you go. The seats are placed sideways two in tandem so that you can look out across the valley and have somebody to bundle with all the time. The ride takes a half-hour and a hot grog and lunch await at the top. Sliding back down the other day, done up in long johns, fur boots, an old Army parka with fur around the hood, sheep-lined mittens, and goggles on the face, skimming all the while over the hare tracks and the snow-topped roofs of chalets, I contemplated how impossible it was that I should be in New York the next day. Yet once on the ground I changed clothes, motored through the snowstorm for nearly four hours to Zurich, and boarded the night flight of Swissair's new DC-7C heading westward across Europe and the Atlantic. I won't say that Douglas's new plane has passed any comfort along to the tourist-class passenger, but it gets you there in a hurry. Walking down Fifth Avenue the next day I couldn't help thinking about having been done up in a parka and goggles and all, sliding down a Swiss mountain in a basket on what the calendar insisted was only yesterday, and I got to wondering if that had been me.

—Horace Sutton.

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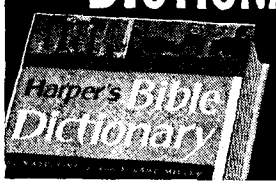

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EDUCATION

The Schooling of a Schoolman

"Trial Balance," by Alan Valentine *(Pantheon, 283 pp. $4.50), is the autobiographical account of a twentieth-century American's education in the worlds of education and public service. The reviewer, a contemporary of the author, is President of Oberlin.*

By William E. Stevenson

ATTRACTED by the idea of carrying forward the story of the education of an American from the point where Henry Adams left off, Alan Valentine, in his new book, "Trial Balance," inevitably invites a comparison with "The Education of Henry Adams." This is not so much because the two books are similar but because Valentine asserts that they should be, or that he has so conceived his "sequel." Frequent references and parallels to the earlier book disclose how much Adams's career and writing serve as inspiration and pattern for the present author. Like Adams, Mr. Valentine writes in the third person, calling the image of himself "Angus." This device seems more helpful to the author than to the reader.

In their biographies, both Adams and Valentine purport to be failures because of an education which was inadequate and not contemporary enough for the demands of their own particular times. Adams, by his own definition, does emerge from his pages as a failure, although succeeding in the difficult attempt to analyze that failure. In contrast, Valentine, in every sense in which Adams defined success, is not a failure. He completed an unusually successful career in school and college, both at home and later at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. He profited immeasurably from Continental journeying and later as a world traveller on important missions. He rose rapidly through academic ranks to the presidency of a great university when only thirty-four. After fifteen successful years as educational leader and administrator, Valentine was called (as Henry Adams would so keenly have desired to be called) to serve in vital political capacities at times when service for country also meant service for the world. He was initiated into the problems and frustrations of leading scientists and medical men to the extent that he could and does formulate remedies for their self-imposed isolation from the realms of the humanities. Certainly Adams would have considered most, if not all, of these experiences of Valentine's as great personal success.

"Trial Balance" begins with an attitude of self-conscious apology but as soon as the author ceases to be a subservient shadow of Henry Adams and enters wholeheartedly into his own education and experiences, he writes clearly and thoughtfully, often with a sense of humor, and, despite the recounting of intermittent disillusionments, with some hope and optimism.

In this book Valentine gives us exactly what his subtitle promises, i.e., the education of an American in the most pedagogical sense; an analysis and critique not only of school and college methods but of student personalities and reactions, curriculum requirements and campus social mores. The author is humble but he is honest. He sees the worthwhile results of his formal schooling as clearly as he sees the wasted opportunities, and is frank in admitting them. His experiences at Oxford are described with an ingenuous enthusiasm in strong contrast to the bored, frustrated account of Henry Adams as aide to his father during the London diplomatic stay. Valentine's first recognition and appreciation of the arts and his resultant delight and simultaneous confusion are well told, as are his experiences and impressions as a Continental traveller.

Of particular interest are the author's analyses of those spheres in which he has spent his later years. Among others, the academic, scientific, diplomatic, Oriental, and political minds are all laid in turn upon the table for candid and thorough scrutiny and diagnosis. Here there is much wisdom in the author's observations and reflections.

In one chapter, Valentine reverts to the theme of his earlier book "The Age of Conformity" and sees popular sovereignty confusing democracy with egalitarianism.

Finally, Valentine philosophizes about his lifelong quest for unity and clear-cut answers. Now, in his mid-fifties, he comprehends that "nowhere can the modern American escape from the conflicts between unity and diversity, for if he avoids them in society he will still find them in himself."

"Trial Balance" is well articulated, forward moving, honest, and sincere and some of the prose is extremely lucid and telling. Unlike Adams's book, which brought comfort primarily to futilitarians, "Trial Balance" is a book that an educated person can read without searching and meaningful comparisons, both general and personal.

—*Harris & Ewing.*

Alan Valentine—". . . [a] lifelong quest for unity."

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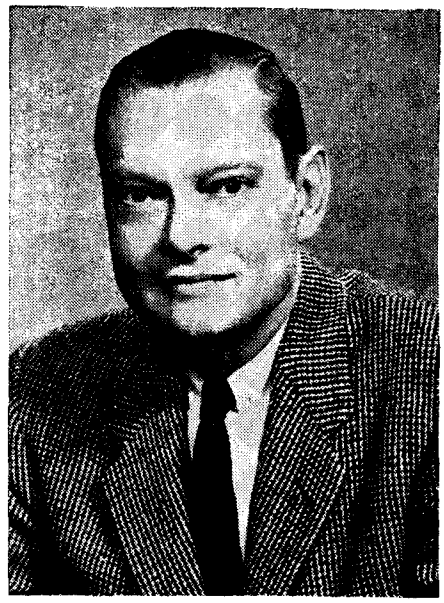
Schoolman's Credo

"A Teacher Is a Person," by Charles H. Wilson *(Holt. 285 pp. $3.75), is an informal autobiography of a man who has had experience with formal education at every level. Our reviewer is Claude M. Fuess, former head of Phillips Andover Academy.*

By Claude M. Fuess

"A TEACHER IS A PERSON" is the intimate, informal autobiography and in a sense the credo of Charles H. Wilson, Superintendent of Schools in Highland Park, Ill.; and on the evidence presented in it he is a rollicking, tough-minded enthusiast, quite capable of quelling even the classrooms of "The Blackboard Jungle." At the start he announces his intention of examining "the whole gamut of formal education in America: elementary school, high school, college, and graduate school." His professional qualifications include undergraduate work at Ohio Northern University, graduate work at Northwestern, and some years as an instructor in the public schools, especially at Kenton, Ohio. He was also an English Speaking Union Exchange Teacher for a year at a school in Cheshire, England, and found time for a few profitable months at King's College, Cambridge. After two fascinating years in the Officer Candidate School at Miami Beach, he took his Ph.D. in Education at Ohio State, and has since then been a school superintendent.

This is an impressive record, a guarantee that Dr. Wilson knows what he is talking about. But he is more than a scholar. He is a person. He is no dreamer or mere theorist, but a very sane-minded pedagogue, accustomed to rough-and-tumble and no more a "sissy" than "Teddy" Roosevelt. He doesn't have much respect for Arthur Bestor and Albert Lynd and Mortimer Smith and other conservative critics of our public school policies and practices. Although he can be very funny, using exaggeration with good effect, his book is packed with common sense. He states as the two chief requirements for a sound school system "competent teachers and reasonable class size," adding, "the vast majority of studies show a definite relationship between teaching effectiveness and low class size." He realizes that brilliant children "are being sacrificed, through large classes and mass instruction, to mediocrity." And then, characteristically, he points out the practical difficulties in a complex school system



Charles Wilson—". . . sane-minded."

of putting the bright pupils in one subject in one section. When he wanted to do so, his friend, Charley Secor, quickly showed him what was what.

One doesn't always have to agree with Dr. Wilson to like his book. He talks, in my judgment, a good deal of tongue-in-your-cheek nonsense about liberal arts colleges, but I suppose he is as likely to be right on the basis of his experience as I am on the basis of mine. He is humorous, iconoclastic, unorthodox, even brash, and frequently deliberately overstates his case. But his apparent irreverence is a cover for a very serious and commendable purpose.

Dr. Wilson asserts, "The public school touches every facet of a community: its business, its religion, its morals, its politics." He knows what perplexing problems our towns and cities had to face when compulsory school attendance was accepted as imperative. But he insists, "I've never had a student whom I did not like."

Bentz Plagemann, in his delightful book "This Is Goggle," says at one point that he and his wife, as parents of an apparently unmanageable son, learned, definitely and for all, what it takes to make a man out of a boy: "It's very simple. It takes a man." Dr. Wilson has been, I am sure, that type of teacher. In his book he is always entertaining, usually provocative, and never dull. He does not minimize the perennial problems of our schools. But after many pages of reminiscence and refreshing comment, he ends, very seriously: "The public school is as dear to us as the Bill of Rights. It can, if we choose to let it, become our greatest contribution to man's long struggle for individual human dignity."

Red Schoolhouse

"The Challenge of Soviet Education," by George S. Counts, assisted by Nucia Lodge *(McGraw-Hill. 330 pp. $6), is an account of the manner in which the men of the Kremlin use the Soviet school system to control the way of life of their people. It is reviewed here by Bertram D. Wolfe, author of "Six Keys to the Soviet System."*

By Bertram D. Wolfe

DR. GEORGE S. COUNTS has devoted a lifetime to fascinated and serious study of the Soviet educational system. His "New Russia's Primer," "The Soviet System of Mind Control," "The Country of the Blind," "I Want to Be Like Stalin," and "American Education Through the Soviet Looking Glass" have won for him the reputation of being our outstanding authority on Soviet education. Now in "The Challenge of Soviet Education" he has crowned his labors with what will doubtless be recognized as the most complete and authoritative study of the subject.

When one sees the word "challenge" in the title one expects one more effort to terrify—as is the fashion of the moment—by a reminder of how many more engineers and technicians the Russians are turning out per annum than we are. But this sort of "challenge" merits no more than a few paragraphs.

In any land, education embraces more of life and goes much deeper than the production of certain skills and the turning out of a given quantity and quality of members of one or another currently needed profession. In a totalist state, dedicated to the remaking of man according to its blueprint and to the winning of the world, education is conceived as coextensive with the whole of training, indoctrination, conditioning, remaking, and winning—in short, as coextensive with the whole of life as far as the lords of life can get at it. It is on this scale that the men in the Kremlin conceive education, and on this scale that Dr. Counts undertakes his study of its "challenge."

"The school must become a weapon of the dictatorship of the proletariat," Lenin told the faithful shortly after he took power. Stalin bluntly spelled out the dictum in an interview with H. G. Wells in 1934 when he explained that "education is a weapon whose effect depends on who holds it in his hand, and who is struck with it." Khrushchev, in the post-Stalinist era, was more prolix but no less explicit

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when he called on the Twentieth Congress "to increase vigilance in our ideological work and to conduct an irreconcilable struggle against bourgeois ideology; to strengthen the work of the Communist education of the masses and the eradication of the vestiges of capitalism in the consciousness of people; to utilize more fully and actively to this end all the media of ideological influence—propaganda, the press, the radio, cultural and educational organizations and institutions, science, literature, and art." And to a world bemused by talk of thaw and the Geneva Spirit he declared: "If any one believes that our smiles involve an abandonment of our Communist aims . . . he must wait for that until the crayfish learns to whistle."

This, then, is the challenge which Dr. Counts considers, and this the scale on which he undertakes his study. It compels him to examine the relation of Soviet education to Soviet doctrine and the nature of totalist power; to analyze in turn the general education, the political education, and the moral education of the young; then the management, control, and conditioning of the intellectual class; the training of specialists; the political education of the people as a whole in a land where everything is politicalized.

As the reader will perceive, only the chapter on the "Training of Specialists" deals with the popular current conception that the whole challenge of Soviet education lies in the rate at which it is turning out engineers and technicians. Professor Counts finds that the Bolshevik leaders have from the first regarded organized education with utter seriousness, a seriousness far surpassing that of the leaders of any other society, that they use it to shape the minds of young and old, to raise the fighting qualities of their armies, to infiltrate their empire, to win the uncommitted portions of the world by their use of the arts, sciences, and propaganda, to quarantine their people against the contagion of competing ideas, to strengthen their outward thrust for the winning of the world. The American people, Professor Counts observes wryly, "regard Soviet education no more seriously than they regard their own." Wistfully, the author concludes that the challenge "needs to be answered in terms of an education as appropriate to a free society as the Soviet program is to its values and purposes . . . But to deal with this subject adequately would require another volume." One can only hope that Professor Counts will now turn his attention to that task.

Answer to Mr. Flesch

"The Truth About Your Child's Reading," by Sam Duker and Thomas Nally *(Crown. 181 pp. $3), is the answer of two experienced schoolteachers to Rudolph Flesch's "Why Johnny Can't Read." Our reviewer, Hazel Arnold Trumble, for a number of years was education editor of the Pontiac (Mich.) Press.*

By Hazel Arnold Trumble

WHEN Rudolph Flesch delivered his sweeping indictment of American teachers of reading and their modern "word guessing" methods two years ago in the form of "Why Johnny Can't Read," he had not reckoned with a pair of incisive and quite articulate professional educators who accepted the challenge for the defense. Sam Duker and Thomas Nally, teachers of teachers and one-time schoolmasters themselves, have presented a carefully documented and altogether dispassionate rebuttal to Mr. Flesch's charges in "The Truth About Your Child's Reading" that teachers today no longer employ phonetics in reading instruction, that sight reading is producing generations of reading cripples.

Messrs. Duker and Nally have spent the interim reviewing the nearly 2,000 reading research studies on record. They have observed actual reading processes in dozens of classrooms across this country; they have carefully documented their findings. Flesch, they countercharge, is guilty of quoting out of context, misrepresenting by partial quotation, and outright misstatement of fact. Their book not only refutes Flesch, it offers constructive ideas for remedying and understanding modern reading programs.

Phonetics, they have found, have never left the classroom. They have merely teamed up with sight reading to make a more effective presentation.

Duker and Nally's sole exhibit is a measuring device to test the soundness of Flesch's arguments. When this criterion is used in the measurement of the absolute statements of Flesch, it is found that the reader has been short-changed. For instance, according to Flesch: "The teaching of reading never was a problem anywhere in the world until the United States switched to the present method in 1925." Duker and Nally present evidence that reading has been of great concern since the origin of schools. They quote Horace Mann, who in 1839 said of one of his reading surveys: "The result is that more than eleven-twelfths of all the children in reading classes in our schools do not understand the meaning of the words they read." Phonetics was the primary method in those days. Other reading

—*Drawing by Winslow Homer.*

"Understanding modern reading programs."

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inadequacies are cited for the ensuing years.

Why has it been such a problem and why is everyone so interested? Reading is the most important tool of communication. Because of universal education everyone has been exposed to the reading process. The authors use their yardstick to point out that the differences in the individual must be taken into consideration in the teaching of reading. The mental and physical dissimilarities in children govern walking and talking at various ages. Duker and Nally claim reading is a dependent process which does not divorce itself from these diversities. If the proper climate is established, whose prerequisites are maturity in mental, emotional, social, and physical ways, a child is "reading ready." Part of this climate calls for a background of experience which immediately recalls an association in a child's mind, e.g., when the word "b-o-a-t" appears. Motivation, too, assumes responsibility for desirable reading atmosphere.

To enable a parent to evaluate reading progress in the elementary grades Duker and Nally have outlined various stages. In the fledgling program, for example, "there is a distinct emphasis on accelerating the ability to attack new words in many ways; through picture clues, through the context in which new words are found, through phonetic analysis and by means of skill in structural analysis. Prefixes and suffixes are carefully examined, and children are taught to recognize related and compound words."

If, according to the evaluation methods proposed by the authors, the school program is found lacking, it is up to the citizenry to proffer constructive changes. Most educators do not resent informed, objective critics.

It would be hoped that these two authorities, who have done such a commendable job of explaining the modern reading methods for the average child, would delve into a good program for the gifted or above-average child. To the reviewer's regret, the authors barely mention this child, whose potentials haven't begun to be developed. Another yardstick is in order—one which can measure these untouched capacities and still another to devise ways to activate these rich resources.

"The Truth About Your Child's Reading" should provide a wealth of material for parent-teacher association and child study meetings this year. Its simplicity of style, interesting checklists for evaluating reading progress, recommended reading lists, and suggested films will do much to invite the lay public into the classroom.

Fiction

Continued from page 17

things outside it. One wishes she had been brought into the novel earlier, in place of the grotesques on the bus.

In the starlit night, when the beauty of Venice is subdued and its human murmur is stilled, comes the realization: there is nothing in the world but people. "People find their way into one another's personalities. You give to one person, take from another —give and take vitality, I mean. But nobody has all the vitality. Nobody is a reservoir. It's just an exchange. It goes round and round in an endless cycle."

This novel is sensitive to atmosphere, from the gray courts of London to the sun-flooded piazzas of Italy. But its special accomplishment is the atmosphere which people build up between themselves.

WODEHOUSE FOR 1957: To paraphrase an old joke: there is no such thing as bad Wodehouse. There is just good Wodehouse and better Wodehouse. **"The Butler Did It"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is happily in the latter category; it is marked by some of the verve, the eclat, the joie de vivre that have always bubbled out of the master's more inspired confections. This particular bouillabaise of amiable nonsense introduces a crisp new cast of Wodehousean characters. There are: a retired peer whose landlord is a retired butler (the author keeps abreast of his times); a bright young man about town whose spirits are unbowed by the necessity for regular toil in the marts of the art trade; a scurvy villain whose cupidity blinds him to the finer things. And of course there is one of those incredibly lissome Wodehouse ingenues—a golden girl whose voice is reminiscent of "ice tinkling in a highball glass."

All of these players are caught up in the tail end of a tontine (a group annuity scheme, in which the last surviving subscriber inherits the full amount plus the accumulated interest, in this case a million dollars). An added proviso to this novel sinking fund requires that the boodle go to the last surviving beneficiary to commit matrimony. Since Wodehouse characters are forever posting the banns, the possibilities in "The Butler Did It" would seem unlimited —and they are. Nuptial knots are tied and untied with an Eagle Scout's dexterity, before justice is finally done and serenity reigns again in the land of Jeeves.

This is Wodehouse's fifty-eighth novel, or thereabouts, and the maestro's hand is surer than ever.

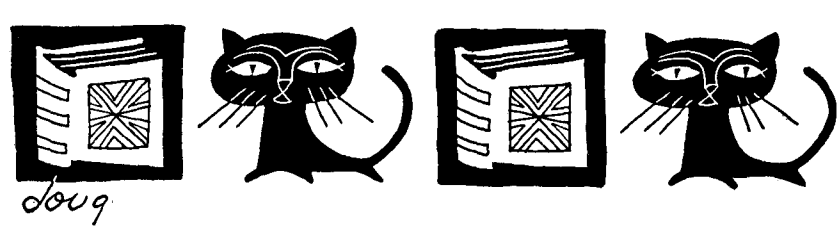
—MARTIN LEVIN.

INDONESIAN CHASE: The starting point of **"Echo of a Bomb"** (Viking, $3), Mark Derby's latest concoction of international mischief, is Singapore, where the locals huddle in *kampongs* under the *rambutan* trees, colonials sip moodily of their *stengahs,* and where counter-intelligence agents are presumably as thick as out-of-town buyers on Seventh Avenue. From this auspicious setting a free-lance photographer named Harry Lyon sets out to hunt the political assassin who lobbed a grenade into a friend's bungalow. The novel follows Lyon's spoor as, armed with Luger and Rolleiflex, he tracks the killer to Jakarta, is romantically waylaid by a zooty Oriental hatchet lady, and almost comes a cropper in the Javanese underbrush. Mr. Derby appears to know the Indonesian landscape as well as the back of his hand: "Echo of a Bomb," as are his other thrillers, is redolent with East Indian atmosphere. But unfortunately the plot runs out of petrol well before the novel's end. In place of a suspenseful finale Mr. Derby tacks on a chase through the jungle which exhausts his hero's endurance without unduly exciting the reader's curiosity.

—M. L.

DULY NOTED: **"The Hunters and the Hunted,"** by Ivan Bahriany (St. Martin's Press, $3.50), recounts the escape from a Russian "death train" of a young engineer who finds refuge with an isolated Siberian family. Mr. Bahriany is a Ukrainian-in-exile with first-hand knowledge of Russian political imprisonment, a knowledge that occasionally breaks through the heavy layer of nature descriptions and sociological details.

"The Wilderness Brigade," by Phyllis Gordon Demarest (Doubleday, $3.95), tells how Union Private Roark Banning escapes from a Southern army prison and finds shelter and ro-



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mance on a plantation. Though the number of North-sympathizers and the activities of the Confederate guerrillas—bushwhackers—Miss Demarest presents are surprising, the same cannot be said of the plot or characters of this historical potpourri.

"The Door Into Summer," by Robert A. Heinlein (Doubleday, $2.95), projects Daniel Boone Davis, by means of "refrigeration," into the year 2001 A.D., where he is hired by the engineering company he founded a generation earlier. A playful inventory of scientific gadgets-to-be.

"A Far Place," by Blair Fuller (Harper, $3.50), is about a solitary foreign white colony in a semi-independent African region where the chief diversions are diamond smuggling, bed hopping, and politicking. A first novel of wasted lives and 243 wasted pages of print.

"Company Q," by Richard O'Connor (Doubleday, $3.95), is concerned with a group of Union Army men demoted to unpleasant infantry tasks. When Frank Archer is not occupied with exploits that enable him to regain his captain's bars, he lays expert siege to a pert saloon singer. The telling is smooth but lifeless.

"The Believers," by Janice Holt Giles (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), sees the nineteenth-century American Shaker sect through the eyes of Rebecca Fowler. After a year of subjection to the religious fanaticism of the group, including enforced separation from her husband, she quits to seek happier pastures elsewhere. Although this does not have the impact of Miss Giles's previous frontier novel "Hannah Fowler," the subject itself is intriguing.

"Mary of Scotland," by F. W. Kenyon (Crowell, $3.95), once again popularizes the life and times of a queen badgered and manipulated by a loveless lover who sired her child, a throne-seeking half-brother, a cowardly personal advisor, and a conspiratorial crew of nobles, all of it ending beneath the headsman's axe. Mr. Kenyon specializes in tidbit biographies of history's royal ladies and his latest portrait is a dreary display of what is mostly petty gossip.

"Underdog," by W. R. Burnett (Knopf, $3.50), is the story of Jerry Clinch, a railroaded convict saved by political boss Bag Dan, who faithfully serves as mechanic-chauffeur until his master is obliterated by the mob. Jerry avenges the murder but runs afoul of the police. Since 1929 many of Burnett's novels seem rewrites of his popular "Little Caesar," and his latest hard-boiled mobster-drama is neither his best nor worst.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 20

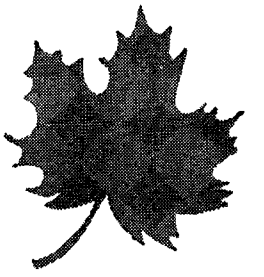
lection of personalities held together by a common love of the arts but, Bell insists, agreeing in little else.

Yet, though we must accept Mr. Bell's assurances on this point, the fact remains that the Bloomsbury Group, loose and undogmatic as it may have been, did represent an influence on English writing and painting during the Twenties and Thirties, if only because it embraced some of the most perceptive critical and creative minds of its time. Through Roger Fry and Bell himself it helped to change the attitude of a whole British generation towards the meaning and function of visual art; through Virginia and Leonard Woolf and their work at the Hogarth Press it gave the younger writers of the Thirties an encouragement whose importance it is now difficult to assess. And the contributions which these people made as individuals to the arts of their times were undoubtedly given authority by the feeling that they were part of a well-knit group of kindred and original minds. As a deliberate movement, the Bloomsbury Group seems indeed to have been almost wholly mythical; as an undeliberate focus of activity it must be acknowledged, and Mr. Bell's memoirs do a great deal to assist the historian in gauging its real significance.

But Mr. Bell does not spend all or even most of his time discussing the Bloomsbury myth. The greater part of "Old Friends" is devoted to studies of the people with whom he associated most closely during his long career. Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf are the writers who live most vividly in his pages, and his study of the latter adds considerably to one's understanding of that whimsical genius, with her abundant generosity and her magnificent contempt for fact.

"Old Friends" ends with two chapters on the Paris of Clive Bell's younger days, one of them dealing with the city as she first knew it in 1904 and the other with its successor of the Twenties. It is the earlier account that develops the greater gusto, as Bell takes us into that city of half a century ago, when the shadow of Whistler and Degas were formidable.

THE AGE OF ANNE: Modern newspapers trace their ancestry back to those of the early eighteenth century. In the reign of good Queen Anne, from 1702 to 1714, they flourished in great variety, and like their descendants they reflect the temper of their time.



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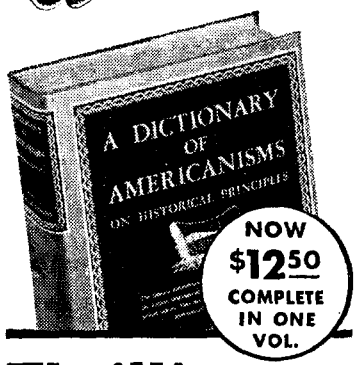
(See Page 181)



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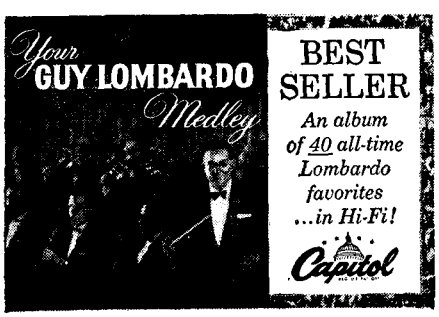

A diverting miscellany of extracts from these newspapers has been gathered by William Ewald, Jr., and although his book was published in England as "The Newsmen of Queen Anne" it appears here under the fancy alliteration of **"Rogues, Royalty, and Reporters"** (Houghton Mifflin, $6). Lest any reader mistake it for another FBI story, the subtitle accurately calls it "The Age of Queen Anne Through Its Newspapers."

It very vividly and authentically puts before us many aspects of that age, from its policies to its entertainments, its dramatic arts and its domestic ones, its agony columns and its lotteries, and so on. The selection is so well chosen and so representative that it comes close to showing us what life must have been like in those times, as we can judge now two and a half centuries later. Mr. Ewald packs an astonishing amount of scholarly material into his introduction and appendix so that his book is also valuable for that. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

NOTES ON YOUTH: Somehow we always imagine John Ruskin as a bearded, patriarchal figure. He wrote his impressions of childhood, in fact, near the end of his life in "Praeterita." He lifted many of its passages from his notebooks, as we can now see in **"The Diaries of John Ruskin 1835-1847,"** edited by Joan Evans and John Howard Whitehouse (Oxford University Press, $11.20). In this series, written from his sixteenth to twenty-eighth year, appears the sober and serious mind of the man who as a child of four had stood on a parlor chair to preach, "People, be good." The frontispiece in this handsome volume, profusely illustrated with his own drawings and sketches, is the self-portrait (of 1861) of a slim young head whose eyes look out with steady keen scrutiny. It forecasts the contents.

For the greatest value of Ruskin's diaries is his description of landscape, architecture, paintings, and sculpture as he observed them on his frequent journeys to the Continent. His verbal pictures have a wide range: from the gorgeous richness of Turner's canvases to the delicate detail of his own ink drawings. In general his word-pictures are impersonal; even the entries for his London social life are dry and brief. Why this is so appears in an entry for 1840: "I have determined to keep one part of diary for intellect and another for feeling." Before his death he destroyed the record of his feeling, elsewhere described as "my old book of pain." This cleavage at least allows us to see the wealth of his intellectual and esthetic nature. —R. H.

Heroes and Rogues

Continued from page 21

forts to keep piracy at bay. His book smells of the lamp, but there's no harm in that. Where Mr. Whipple is concerned with the highlights, Mr. Carse is concerned with piracy as a historical event, and so he has much to say about Raleigh, as one of the great instigators, and he supplies an abundance of useful information upon the techniques of the game: how they boarded ships, how they maneuvered, and exactly how they suffered when the Spanish captured and tortured them. He goes into their backgrounds. He has little sense of place or atmosphere, but he has a profound sense of action, and so his pirates come alive, flickering a little in the lamplight, heavy men with bloody faces, caught up in the web of history and hardly ever knowing where they are going. Yet the method succeeds. With a scholar's discursiveness and a scholar's impatience with highlights, he shows you the game as it was, without any attempt to magnify his heroes.

For a cold night, with a glass of rum by one's side and the wind whistling outside, I can think of few things better than the reading of these books. After a while you will take "Treasure Island" from the shelves. You will discover that "Treasure Island" is largely hokum, but it is good hokum, and between the reading of these three books you will learn as much about pirates as you ever want to know.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, CONTD.: At least two major achievements have marked Western Europe's period of ascendancy from the fifteenth century to the present. Its peoples managed to occupy the more or less empty spaces in the temperate zones and to subject most of the more populous regions to political control; and by linking all the habitable parts of the earth together, created the framework for a literally worldwide society —the first society in history that seemed destined to embrace the whole of mankind.

The fact that Spain and Portugal were the pioneers in this new and notable era lends a peculiar enchantment to the activities of their seamen, conquerors, and settlers; and this, together with the approaching end of the era, may account in part for the current renewed interest in the story of their achievements. Albert Idell's translation of Bernal Díaz's "True History of the Conquest of Mexico," published as **"The Bernal Díaz Chronicles of the Conquest of Mexico"** (Dou-

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bleday, $5), is the second of two English versions that have appeared in the past twelve months of this most satisfactory chronicle of Spain's first great feats in the New World. (For the first, see *SR* March 10, 1956.) This latest translation represents an effort, largely successful, to rescue the earlier English version of A. P. Maudslay, first published in England in 1908-1916, from "fusty Victorianism . . . and convey in the language of today the spirit of the times in which Don Bernal lived and wrote." It contains a more ample portion—some 80 per cent—of this remarkable story, including in particular "various observations" on the sexual habits of both the native Mexicans and the conquering Spaniards that were "either deleted or treated euphemistically in earlier translations" but are not expected to shock the public in a period of "more sophisticated taste and understanding."

The qualification "largely" is employed here for two principal reasons. Mr. Idell fails to give the reader the benefit of the editor's intimate knowledge of Bernal Díaz del Castillo's life. Half of the career of the great chronicler, the years 1492-1514 and 1521-1584(?), is almost completely blank. A bright light might have been reflected on the later period by adding a translation of the chronicler's account of a later expedition into Honduras and Guatemala.

Moreover, Mr. Idell's language is not at all points precisely that of the present day. For example, in several places the word "chickens" is used to describe some sort of native fowl. But unless anthropologists and other scholars are mistaken, there were no chickens in America until they were introduced by the Spaniards and the Portuguese. The word used by Don Bernal may have been *pollo* or its plural—Idell unhappily seldom reveals the Spanish words he translates or what copy of the work he is following for the particular passage.

The tremendous epoch which Díaz helped in his humble way to inaugurate may be nearing its end, but neither the wonderful and violent four centuries nor the chronicles he wrote about them are likely ever to be forgotten. —J. FRED RIPPY.

SPAIN'S GOLDEN AGE: History contains few more dramatic epochs than the one distinguished by Spain's explorations and conquests of the sixteenth century. Jean Descola, a Frenchman who has lived close to the Spaniards and imbibed the spirit of those golden decades of grandeur, has made full use of its potentialities in **"The Conquistadors"** (translated by Malcolm Barnes; Viking, $5).

No writer since Prescott has written so thrilling an account of Spain's remarkable overseas achievements during her *Siglo del Oro*. Starting with *Terra Incognita*, Descola moves rapidly and smoothly, making no detours, through this thrilling episode of modern history and ends with a "dirge for the conquerors," in which he describes their character and motivations in a chapter that the gifted Prescott probably could not have surpassed if he had tried. Few of the important participants are neglected. Columbus, Cortés, and the Pizarros are especially emphasized, but others are given adequate attention (possibly excepting Jiménez de Quesada, the conqueror of the Chichas of Colombia, whose exploits Descola seems not to have sufficiently appreciated).

THE major defect of Descola's volume is his failure to append a bibliography and to keep his readers constantly aware of his sources of information. But even this defect may have the merit of avoiding distraction and inculcating an appropriate skepticism.

The details to be mastered in the telling of this story are so immense and many of them so much in dispute that readers may even need to be warned not to accept this fast-moving narrative without comparing it with such works as Samuel E. Morison's "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," Irving B. Richman's "Spanish Conquerors," Herbert E. Bolton's "Spanish Borderlands," and F. A. Kirkpatrick's "Spanish Conquistadores."

If they will take the trouble to do this they will find that Descola is at times a bit too credulous, at times disposed to cling to fancies, and at times in error in respect to minor matters, but never far wrong and never lacking in his capacity to see the great drama as a whole. One may doubt his assertion that Columbus was very likely a Jew and that Jews were prominent among those who supported his first voyage; one may doubt the accuracy of his statements regarding the size of the sailing vessels employed by the great discoverer; one may doubt that any seamen from the British Isles were among those who sailed westward with Columbus from Palos in 1492; one may question the yarn about Columbus and the egg—one may have doubts regarding these and a few other similar details and still insist with this reviewer that Drescola has produced an outstanding literary work for which he and his publisher deserve hearty congratulations. —J. F. R.

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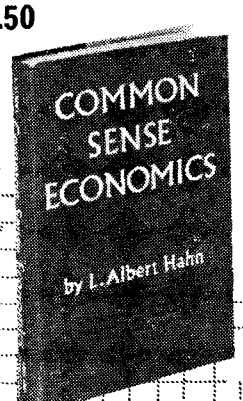

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Books For Young People

—From "Mio, My Son."

CHILDREN love holidays, festivals, and birthdays —not only their own but those of others—and by celebrating these special occasions, in even the simplest manner, they have experiences that enrich their lives and give them happy memories. Displays of appropriate books in the school libraries and children's rooms, and reading aloud at home can make special days memorable. February is a month filled with such excuses for celebrating: the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington and the festival of St. Valentine's Day. The last gives us an opportunity to introduce older girls to beautiful love lyrics, to biographies of men and women whose lives were filled with love, and to the great love stories of our literature.

Reviewers for this issue: Alice Lohrer, Assistant Professor, Library School, University of Illinois; Della McGregor, Chief of Youth Services, St. Paul, Minn., Public Library; Margaret Mahon, Children's Librarian, Greenville, S. C., Public Library; Elaine Simpson, Secondary School Specialist, Young Adult Services, The New York Public Library; and Elizabeth O. Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Los Angeles, Calif., Board of Education. —FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library*

THE EMPEROR'S WHITE HORSES. *By Vernon Bowen. Illustrated by Hans Kreis. McKay.* $2.75. In war-torn Vienna during the summer of 1945 the training of the fabulous pure-bred white stallions continues even during periods of intermittent air raids. The blood line of these eighty Lipizzan trace back to the time of Caesar.

While Hitler and the Russian armies jockey for position and for the fall of Vienna, Colonel Podhajsky, director of the Riding School Stables, receives word from General George Patton that an American raid through the enemy lines will be made shortly in order to capture the breeding stock of the school. In the hope of insuring their safety, the stallions are to be transported to Czechoslovakia by American troops under cover of darkness.

Although based on actual happenings that took place in Austria, the book is completely fictional. The author has chosen not to limit himself to a literal interpretation of the facts, but rather to portray the spirit of what happened.

Hans Kreis, the illustrator, once owned a Lipizzan stallion. Historical-fiction and horse-story fans will find the book fascinating reading.

—DELLA MCGREGOR.

1 IS ONE. *By Tasha Tudor. Oxford.* $2.75. Miss Tudor has made this counting book as a companion volume to her "A Is for Annabelle." With flowers and birds, small animals and fruits she has decorated her pages and illustrated the numbers from one to twenty. The delicacy of her colors and detail of design give an old-fashioned flavor to this book for the youngest.

—F. L. S.

DIPPER OF COPPER CREEK. *By John and Jean George. Illustrated by Jean George. Dutton.* $3.50. This is the story of the water ouzel, or dipper bird, a bird that can stay under water for a long time. It is also the story of young Doug and his growing awareness of life around him, of the beauty and cruelty of nature, of the relationships of people, and of his place in society.

—From "Dipper of Copper Creek."

"the growing awareness of life."

And above all, it is the story of a summer high in the Colorado Rockies, of the progression of the seasons, and of the response of plant and animal life to its rhythm. Mr. and Mrs. George have again, through text and illustrations, created real animals and people.

—F. L. S.

TOUGH ENOUGH'S TRIP. *By Ruth and Latrobe Carroll. Oxford.* $2.75. Beanie Tatum and his family planned a trip from their farm in the Great Smoky Mountains, east across the state of North Carolina, to the Atlantic Ocean to visit their great-grandparents. All of the animals, even Tough Enough, were to be left at home. But when the day for departure came, Tough Enough stowed away in the old truck and was not discovered until too late to take him back. All along the way Beanie and Tough Enough found other animals that needed homes until, by the time they reached their destination, they had a small zoo. Understanding of children, a fine sense of family, and the love for animals that characterizes the other stories about Beanie Tatum are present in this book of his latest adventures. —F. L. S.

AFTER THE SUN GOES DOWN. *By Glenn O. Blough. Pictures by Jean Bendick. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. Here is an invitation to go with the author to The Big Woods after dark. Accept the invitation, for you will not have another one soon that will bring with its acceptance such unique and surprising entertainment. You will hear the whippoorwill tell its name over and over and over again, the bat's high squeak, and the strange singing of the grasshopper. You can observe the habits of many creatures whose activities begin when the sun goes down.

Dr. Blough has made another fine contribution to his science books for seven-to-ten-year-olds. This book will also catch the attention of both older children and adults because of its accuracy and interesting style. The artist has done a good job of harmonizing with, and illuminating, the text. —MARGARET MAHON.

BALL IN THE SKY. *By Esther M. Douty. Illustrated by Douglas Gorsline. Holt.* $2.75. Not only the air-minded youth of today will enjoy "Ball in the Sky" appeal, but so will all who enjoy reading about men of vision and courage. This inspiring biography of John Wise, father of American ballooning, is a book the family can share, though it is written for young readers of eleven and up. Undaunted by failure, apathy, and the ridicule of those around him, John Wise strove with patience and skill to develop a field of scientific endeavor in the then little known area

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of aeronautics. This is an exciting, well-written book of man's early attempts at flying. —ALICE LOHRER.

CLAIM JUMPERS OF MARBLE CANYON. *By Rutherford Montgomery. Illustrated by William Moyers. Knopf.* $2.50. Not the lure of gold, but of uranium, leads to an action-packed story for the ten-to-fourteen-year-old boy. Mike and Jerry, two modern teen-age boys, seek to find and rescue their partner, Uncle Jonas, kidnapped by three lawless, desperate claim jumpers of Marble Canyon, Colo. The fast-moving story also brings out the sharply contrasting characters of the two brothers. It points up the results of plans hastily conceived and executed, and those carefully thought out in advance. The characters and events are natural and plausible, and make another good adventure story. —A. L.

SOUTH SEA HOLIDAY. *By Lydia Davis. Illustrated by Tom Davis. Little, Brown.* $2.95. When Dr. Johnston from Rarotonga in the Pacific Ocean went to visit some of his patients on faraway coral islands he took his two children, Michael and Mandy, for a long-promised holiday. The beauties and realities of Polynesian life on these little known islands are vividly portrayed in this story, based on real experiences. The 600-hundred-mile journey by schooner, brings amazing adventures with whales and sharks and thrilling suspense as the family explores caves and coral reefs. Picturesque legends of the seas and the islands are recounted and there is a warm, human relationship with Kimi the little South Sea islander stowaway. Both boys and girls of ten to twelve will enjoy this tale.

—ELIZABETH O. WILLIAMS.

SURE THING FOR SHEP. *By E. H. Lansing. Illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Crowell.* $2.50. When Granny died Shep wanted to stay on in the hillside cabin, but there was thirty dollars due in back taxes—a fortune to a fourteen-year-old Kentucky mountain boy. Uncle Jake came to help him, but Uncle Jake's plans were puzzling, and his fondness for the bottle brought them to near catastrophe a number of times. But there was something likable and loyal about Uncle Jake, and although honest Shep did not always approve of his methods, he, too, was loyal. With the help of Katy, the crow, and a broken-down race horse they solved their problem. A folk-tale quality pervades this story, and the artist captures it in his excellent illustrations. —M. M.

—*From "Mio, My Son."*

"An allegorical fairy tale . . .

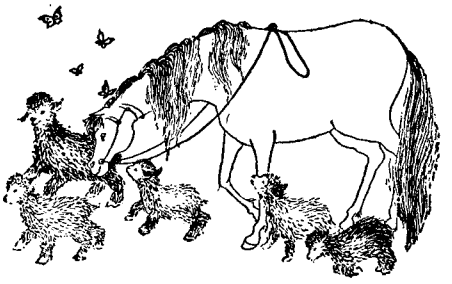
MIO, MY SON. *By Astrid Lindgren. Illustrated by Ilon Wikland. Viking.* $2.50. Andy is in Farawayland. "He's in a place where the silver poplars rustle . . . where the fires glow and warm at night . . . where there is Bread That Satisfies Hunger" . . . where he can ride Miramis, the beautiful white horse with the golden mane, and play with Pompoo, the son of the rose gardener . . . and, "where he has his father, the King who loves him, and whom he loves." But in order to stay here Andy had to fight single-handed and kill with a "fearsome" sword the cruel Sir Kato. All this is told in "Mio, My Son," an allegorical fairytale of exquisite and rare beauty with drawings by an artist of the same sensitive mind as the author.

—M. M.

—*From "Sure Thing for Shep."*

"A folk tale quality pervades . . ."

YOUNG MARINER MELVILLE. *By Jean Gould. Illustrated by Donald McKay. Dodd, Mead.* $3. Jean Gould has put her emphasis on the action-filled years Melville spent at sea from the time he sailed as ship's "boy" at the age of nineteen and was caught up in the magic of an exhilarating and exotic, but also brutal and dangerous, new world until he returned from his final voyage as a mariner on a U.S. man-of-war at the age of twenty-five.



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People and events that influenced or provided material for his writing are presented in detail; his compulsion to tell his stories to the world, his reception by critics and readers, and his final years spent in comparative obscurity are included, but not at length.

Through the narrative and the quotations from Melville's own writings, the teen-age reader will be drawn to this young mariner who is exultant in the fascination of the sea but shocked by the cruelty and thoughtlessness of man, and may go on to read the books of this expert storyteller with greater understanding. —ELAINE SIMPSON.

MEDICINE IN ACTION. *By Margaret O. Hyde. Illustrated by Clifford N. Geary. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. This is an illuminating book for the teen-ager who might be thinking of medicine as a career, or who is curious about this amazing science. Also, the adult layman who knows little about modern medical practices and miracles, but would like to have a discussion of them in understandable language and entertaining style will find this a rewarding book. It discusses the work of those in medical careers, the thrilling adventure of searching for new wonder drugs in far places, and the advances made in treating mental illness. It closes with a challenge and with a hope that with the aid of modern medicine mankind will continue to grow healthier and happier.

—M. M.

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The Reviewer's Duty to Damn

Continued from page 25

walk like good tin soldiers. Please send cropper.)

I have said that an avalanche is a release of stored-up forces. The alignment of those forces is not peculiar to *SR;* it is in fact descriptive of the fundamental split in all general discussion of poetry today. One attitude believes basically that poetry must avoid all "difficulty," that it is offensive to discuss esthetic principles, that to anatomize an art form is to destroy it, and that the real purpose of art is "to breathe forth BEAUTY." In practical application this attitude tends to become a kind of surviving Genteel Tradition.

The poetry of the surviving Genteel leans heavily to the big abstractions loudly proclaimed, to bluebirds, to "yet I know's" and "do but command's," and to the wonder the wonder the wonder of being fifty in a vague suburban way. For present purposes, let me summarize the opposite attitude with a line and a half from Browning: "Thoughts may be/ Overpoetical for poetry." Poets and readers of this persuasion (I have already described it in some detail in some of my earlier articles and need not repeat all the specifications here) tend to find the output of the Genteel Tradition to be mushy and mindless. And there is the division: one group wants poetry pretty, vague, and easily effusive. (Because easy effusion is subject to telling ridicule, the Genteel are naturally inimical to close criticism. The trouble is they can seldom if ever survive it.) The other group wants poetry to be real, physical, and disciplined. The stored-up forces of the present avalanche are simply the forces of the offended Genteel: when I took over as Poetry Editor of *SR* a year ago I began systematically to uproot Genteel poetry and to substitute whatever you want to call the other kind. I never imagined everyone would like it, but that remains my policy and it will be my policy for as long as I am its Poetry Editor.

ONE last charge delivered by the avalanche is that a reviewer commits a social impropriety, a somehow cowardly action, in expressing contempt for poems written by a socially gracious lady, *even if the poems justify such contempt.* It would be much better, runs this argument, to ignore the poems in silence. Clearly, however, to grant this argument is in effect to deny the reviewer the right to offer any but favorable reviews—a situation already dangerously prevalent in all our mass media.

I must insist in rebuttal that a reviewer's duty is to describe the book as accurately as he can. Twice in quite a number of years as a reviewer I have reviewed a book not simply harshly but contemptuously. It occurs to me that twice in something like fifteen or twenty years is not exactly a general compulsion to character assassination. If I come on another book as bad as Mrs. Lindbergh's, by an author whose name passes currently as a serious writer, I shall certainly review it in the same terms of contempt. I have only two reservations to make: the first is that the author's reputation be such that there is reasonable danger that the poems will be taken seriously; the second is that the more unfavorable a review happens to be, the more meticulously it must be documented.

What is the reviewer's contract with the author, the publisher, and his own readers? I think the author and the publisher are one in this: they, as part of their promotional process, offer the book for sale, and as part of their promotional process they send me a copy with the request that I state my considered opinion of the work in print. I do not ask for the book: it is sent to me. Moreover, if I say anything especially favorable about the poetry, there is an excellent chance that my remark will be excerpted and used in promotion for this book or on the dust-jacket of the next. My contract with my readers is simple enough: to be honest. Had I liked this book, I should certainly have said so, and all hands would have been happy. I did not like it, and I tried to say exactly how much I did not like it, and for what reasons.

I may be wrong in thinking Mrs. Lindbergh writes dismal stuff. But I have asked no one to take my word for it. Rather, I have tried to document point by point what I submit to be the slovenly incompetence of the writing.

Let me confess, moreover, that I had long been waiting for the proper chance to do an out-and-out unfavorable review. I was in no sense lying in wait for Mrs. Lindbergh. I had simply decided as basic policy that it was necessary for *SR* from time to time to publish a review in which a bad book was called bad in so many words and for carefully detailed reasons. In the course of the last six months or so, I have passed over many possible subjects on the grounds that they were too insignificant to be worth a real assault. Mrs. Lindbergh's book happened to fill the bill perfectly. To the extent that she cares anything at all about this review my pre-set decision was a misfortune. I must insist, however, that the real misfortune was in writing these poems. I was especially ready to sail into them, first, because they provided an excellent opportunity to define further that sort of pernicious poetry I mean to have none of in *SR,* and, second, because they provided an opportunity to offer an essential challenge to the whole pussy-footing process of book reviewing in our national mass-media. It is even possible that in my zeal to press these two charges I overstated my objections to Mrs. Lindbergh's poetry. I cannot feel that I did, however, and I must still rest my case on the critical methods of the review itself.

The fact is that reviewing in the United States seems to have succumbed to a mindless sort of approval of everything. The very fact that the author is a human being seems to plead that to dislike his writing would be to offend him. I have long been appalled by the national review standards (and lack of standards) and that I have long been determined to do something about them as Poetry Editor of *SR.* I was especially delighted, therefore, to find in the current issue of *The American Scholar* an article by Geoffrey Wagner entitled "The Decline of Book Reviewing." Mr. Wagner argues tellingly a number of points I have often argued less well: (a) that different reviewing standards are often applied on the same page of a given periodical, (b) that it is almost impossible to find an unfavorable review in our mass media, and (c) that the reviewers themselves are forced to cheat their real opinions or to quit. Here is part of what Mr. Wagner says on that last point:

> Who has not heard complaints from some friend who read a eulogistic review of what turned out to be a rotten novel? While there can be no question of the reviewer today not being allowed the free

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play of review, one cannot help observing that the big review media seem to employ extremely unexacting and optimistic men and women. There is even the suspicion abroad that a reviewer is dropped like a hot potato should he consistently "pan" the books he is sent. (The sourpuss! Some poor devil has to sell these things.)

Mr. Wagner goes on to point out how this process cannot help but corrupt the reading tastes of the masses. He then cites two instances of double-standard reviewing that fascinate me in their implications:

> Readers have seen "Marjorie Morningstar" reviewed on the front pages of *The New York Times Book Review* in a friendly notice by Maxwell Geismar, only to be followed by his sharp "criticism" of the same book in the pages of the *Nation*. Readers are also able to compare, if they wish, Edgar Johnson's kid-gloves review of Gordon Ray's recent book on Thackerav in *The New York Times Book Review* with his distinctly less cordial approach to Ray in *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America* for last March.

I think I need hardly argue that the state of things Mr. Wagner describes is real, and dangerous to the standing of good literature in our society. I would add one further charge against the American book reviewer: he has destroyed his own vocabulary. Our review media use the same terms for discussing the junk produced along the Spillane-Wouk axis as they do for the efforts—good or bad but at least seriously undertaken as living art—produced along the Hemingway-Thomas Mann axis. The publishers and their jacket-blurbing tradition are certainly partners in this guilt. (One of these days I mean to do a survey of book-jacket prose and let the chips and advertising contracts fall where they may.) Between them and the natural laziness of all sentimentality, book reviewing has confused even its own inner standards. Lacking any true sense of good and bad writing, lacking any standard by which they may feel justified in damning bad writing, the reviewers have tended to settle for gentle, meaningless, polite noises. They have become readers without conviction. As reviewers their immoral (what else can I call it?) trimming to all winds has helped to pollute all reading tastes.

I damned "The Unicorn," first, for the reasons stated in the review itself —because the poetry struck me as miserable stuff and because I am not willing to concede that personal distinction can compensate for slovenly performance. (Had Mrs. Lindbergh's performance been on Broadway instead of in the bookshops, imagine what the drama critics would have done to her.) I did so, more importantly however, because her book was bound to have a wide circulation and to receive many vague accolades. I cite a single example: in *SR* Dec. 22 (my review had already been written and was awaiting publication) *SR* undertook its annual "critics' " poll of the best books of the year. "The Unicorn and Other Poems" was tied for second place with three votes. You may be sure that the votes Mrs. Lindbergh received were all from "newspaper critics" and included none from the panel of experts who had been polled (That distinction between "newspaper-critics" and "experts" is not accidental.)

I submit that when a book I believe to be as certainly meritless as "The Unicorn" comes that close to winning even an informal national poll as the best book of verse of the year, then I conceive myself to have a duty to state my objection to this sort of stuff with no apology to the author or to the traditions of the Genteel. Should I wait till it wins the Pulitzer? I think it is time, rather, to cry Hellfire. Or there is no pulpit.

The principles on which I reviewed "The Unicorn" are the principles on which I hope to see all *SR* poetry reviews based, and I urge those same principles on all the nation's review media. With the exception of the "notice" (which is not a review really, but simply a basic statement that the book exists, with one or two personal comments by the reviewer) I shall hope that reviews in these pages conform to the following principles. I cannot, of course, control what the reviewer writes. I can and will "kill" reviews that ignore these principles, and I can and will call more and more upon the reviewers who observe them.

1. The reader deserves an honest opinion. If he doesn't deserve it give it to him anyhow.
2. No one who offers a book for sale is sacrosanct. By the act of publication and promotion, the citizen-human-being forfeits his privileges as a non-competitor. Having willingly subjected himself to judgment he must accept either blame or praise as it follows. If in doubt, assume that the book is signed by Anonymous.
3. Evaluation must be by stated principle. The reviewer's opinion is only as good as his methods.
4. A review without reference to the text is worthless.
5. Quotation without analysis of the material quoted is suspect.
6. If you cannot document a charge, pro or con, do not make it.
7. Poetry is more important than any one poet. Serve poetry.
8. Limitations of space often make it difficult and sometimes impossible to apply these principles as carefully as one would wish. No space limitation, however, is reason enough for forgetting that these principles exist.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 712

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 712 will be found in the next issue.

GQ L WLJ RWVFGRA OGA

VHPAR GJFY OGA ORLE, JY

YJR DLJ FLSR GF QPYW

OGW.

—QPLJSKGJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 711

If misery loves company, misery has company enough.

H. D. THOREAU.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 17, 11, 14, 8, 1, 6, 3, 18, 4, 16, 13, 2, 7, 10, 9, 12, 5, 20, 15, 19. Column Two should read: 15, 14, 7, 19, 8, 4, 9, 12, 16, 10, 6, 3, 13, 5, 17, 2, 1, 18, 20, 11. Or in extenso: 1. Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Bret Harte—1836. 2. Sherwood Anderson and Willa Cather—1876. 3. Eugene Field and Lafcadio Hearn—1850. 4. Hamlin Garland and Bliss Perry—1860. 5. Ernest Hemingway and Stephen Vincent Benét—1898. 6. William D. Howells and Edward Eggleston—1837. 7. Sinclair Lewis and Ring Lardner—1885. 8. Herman Melville and Walt Whitman—1819. 9. Edna St. Vincent Millay and Elmer Rice—1892. 10. Eugene O'Neill and T. S. Eliot—1888. 11. Edgar Allen Poe and Abraham Lincoln—1809. 12. Robert Sherwood and Louis Bromfield—1896. 13. Gertrude Stein and Zona Gale—1874. 14. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Horace Greeley—1811. 15. Eudora Welty and Richard Wright—1909. 16. Edith Wharton and O. Henry—1862. 17. John Greenleaf Whittier and Henry W. Longfellow—1807. 18. Kate Douglas Wiggin and Elbert Hubbard—1856. 19. Tennessee Williams and John Hersey—1914. 20. Thomas Wolfe and Mari Sandoz—1900.

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Lincoln and Csokonay

Continued from page 13

the signal for widespread demonstrations in behalf of Hungarian freedom. On January 2, 1852, another public meeting was called in Springfield, and again "Abraham Lincoln of Sangamon" was prominent in the proceedings. He addressed the gathering to explain its purpose, and was again chosen to head a committee to report back the next day with a suitable resolution.

The sentiments which the meeting subsequently approved might be expressed in all essentials by any similar American meeting today:

> Whereas, in the opinion of this meeting, the arrival of Kossuth in our country, in connection with the recent events in Hungary, and with the appeal he is now making in behalf of his country, presents an occasion upon which we, the American people, cannot remain silent, without justifying an inference against our continued devotion to the principles of our free institutions, therefore,
>
> Resolved, 1. That it is the right of any people, sufficiently numerous for national independence, to throw off, to revolutionize, their existing form of government, and to establish such other in its stead as they may choose.
>
> 2. That it is the duty of our government to neither foment, nor assist, such revolutions in other governments.
>
> 3. That, as we may not legally or warrantably interfere abroad, *to aid, so no other government* may interfere abroad, *to suppress* such revolutions; and that we should at once, announce to the world, our determination to insist upon this mutuality of nonintervention, as a sacred principle of the international law.
>
> 4. That the late interference of Russia in the Hungarian struggle was, in our opinion, such illegal and unwarrantable interference.
>
> 5. That to have resisted Russia in that case, or to resist any power in a like case, would be no violation of our own cherished principles of non-intervention, but on the contrary, would be ever meritorious, in us, or any independent nation.
>
> 6. That whether we will, in fact, interfere in such a case, is purely a question of policy, to be decided when the exigencies arise.
>
> 7. That we recognize in the Governor of Hungary [Kossuth] the most worthy and distinguished representative of the cause of civil and religious liberty on the Continent of Europe, a cause for which he and his nation struggled until they were overwhelmed by the armed intervention of a foreign despot, *in violation of the more* sacred principles of the laws of nature and of nations—principles held dear by the friends of freedom everywhere, and more especially by the people of these United States . . ."

It was voted to send copies of the resolution to Kossuth and to each Illinois Congressman. The meeting adjourned "with three hearty cheers for Kossuth and Hungary."

Kossuth himself was invited to Washington, where Daniel Webster sat on the dais with him at a Congressional banquet in the National Hotel. He met President Fillmore at the White House, and said: "I stand before Your Excellency a living protestation against the violence of foreign interference oppressing the sovereign right of nations to regulate their own domestic concerns." He paid a visit to the dying Henry Clay, and there was a touching exchange of respect between the fiery Hungarian and the enfeebled Great Pacificator who gave Kossuth his blessing and prayed for Hungary's liberation.

The spiritual kinship between the Hungarian revolution, which failed, and the American revolution, which succeeded, was emphasized repeatedly throughout Kossuth's tour of America, but nowhere more poignantly than during his visit to New England. He was taken to meet Jonathan Harrington who, at the age of ninety-four, was the last survivor of the Minute Men who fought at Lexington. Afterwards Kossuth was escorted to the Common where a sign had been erected reading: "WELCOME TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY."

Kossuth had learned English during his years in prison by reading the Bible and Shakespeare, and his speeches enthralled his American listeners. What he said to Americans 100 years ago, and what they said to him, remains almost uncannily applicable to the events of today.

—*Culver.*

Kossuth: "a danger to despotism."

On April 23, 1852, New Haven rang its bells and shot off its cannon to greet the Governor of Hungary, and an "immense multitude of both sexes" turned out to hear him speak from the south porch of the State House. Mayor Aaron N. Skinner welcomed him by saying:

"We watched with almost breathless interest the tide and ebb of your battle; we rejoiced in your success, we triumphed in your triumphs and our hearts swelled with joy and hope when you drove back your vanquished oppressors. And, finally, what a pang of deep and bitter sorrow and despair smote our hearts when we found that all your valor, your sacrifices, your heroic devotion to your country had been in vain, and that brave, chivalric Hungary had fallen in disastrous but not inglorious battle!"

And Kossuth replied:

"I know that there is one sun in the sky which gives light to all the world. As there is unity in God, and unity in the light, so is there unity in the principles of freedom. Wherever it is broken, wherever a shadow falls across the face of liberty's sun, there is always danger for free principles everywhere in the world.

"Hungary was crushed because our example was considered a danger to despotism. I ask you if they [the Russians] can possibly conceive of an example more dangerous than that of the United States with its freedom, prosperity, and power . . . ?"

Not long after his New Haven speech Kossuth returned to England, where he continued his efforts for Hungarian freedom. He worked at a plan for forming a Hungarian Legion to invade Dalmatia, but nothing came of it. With the passing of time he was offered an amnesty by the Hapsburgs but refused to accept a pardon for committing no crime but loving his country. In 1867 he was elected to the Hungarian Diet, but declined to accept his seat. He spent the rest of his life in exile, and on his death in Turin his body was brought to Budapest for burial.

Meanwhile, his visit to the United States had a colorful, if minor, aftermath. The Kossuth hat was introduced into the American army, and troops under President Abraham Lincoln wore it into battle during the Civil War.

Though the name of Kossuth never faded from Hungarian memory—streets, parks, bridges, memorials were named for him everywhere—it flared to new life and significance when the revolution of October 1956 broke out. "People for Kossuth, March

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Forward Hand In Hand" was one of the slogans with which young workers and students took to the streets when the demonstrations against the Communist government began. They sang the Kossuth hymn, along with the *Marseillaise*, and when it seemed that the people had at last thrown off the foreign yoke, they demanded that the Kossuth arms be restored as a national emblem, and that March 15, the date of the uprising he led, be once again declared a national holiday. Red Radio Budapest became Radio Free Kossuth during the brief day of the anti-Soviet regime.

Among the young students who sang the Kossuth hymn, and among their elders, there were those who also knew the words to another paean to freedom: the Gettysburg Address. For generations, in Hungarian high schools and universities, the figure of Lincoln has captured the imagination of idealists who have dreamed of freedom for their own country. The Gettysburg Address has been studied and memorized, in Hungarian and in English, both as a literary masterpiece and as a supreme tribute to the idea of a free society. Hungarians who may know little or nothing of the text of our Declaration of Independence are often acquainted with the writings of Lincoln, who more warmly and immediately symbolizes the dignity and compassion inseparable from the concept that all men are created equal. And so it is not altogether surprising that the words of "Hon. A. Lincoln," who once composed resolutions in behalf of Hungarian freedom in Springfield, Illinois, should be broadcast a century later on Radio Csokonay from somewhere in the heart of Hungary. For his speech, now as then, gives undying worth and meaning to the sacrifice of all who die for freedom, in Hungary today as at Gettysburg long ago—

. . . "*that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.*"

And if Lincoln's words were worthy of being repeated by modern Hungarians in the hour of their national agony, the words of Lajos Kossuth 100 years ago deserve to be recalled by free Americans:

"Hungary, by the peculiar operation of Divine Providence, may be the turning point of liberty . . .

"If Hungary is not protected, how is the world to be redeemed?"

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1195

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. *Guards, esp. of buildings at night.*	69 193 184 147 79 54 86 13
B. Constant, uniform.	176 187 152 39 95 35 161 82 160 80
C. In an orderly fashion.	91 23 117 15 181 2
D. Initiate.	51 171 121 168 19
E. Subject.	123 44 32 81 197
F. Pinpointing the time of an occurrence within 24 hours (3 wds.).	63 29 1 70 37 74 105 130
G. Prussian industrial city, ancient Roman camp, taken by Allies, March 2, 1945.	5 104 94 18 61
H. Kidded.	22 172 26 174 107 146 57
I. Admonition by the man with the gun (2 wds.).	114 4 12 195 143 75 100
J. Specifying the "sin against the Holy Ghost."	148 118 106 175 33 90 158 135 48 192 97 113
K. Amer. writer, esp. biographist, dau. of Julia Ward Howe (1850-1943).	76 151 10 145 17 3 163 125
L. King of Media who, with Nabopolassar, destroyed Nineveh, 612 B.C.	40 46 92 21 11 137 128 102
M. Most active or interesting; warmest.	119 109 111 188 52 157 64
N. Firmly established or obstinately persisted in.	140 73 127 45 93 186 133 153 62 101
O. Malicious and abusive satire directed against an individual.	36 167 110 182 14 28 162

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. *Belgian organist with great European reputation as teacher (1823-81).*	103 20 196 116 77 56 31
Q. An even chance.	78 99 67 50 190 132
R. Amer. painter and etcher, regarded as foremost exponent of expressionism in U.S. (1859-1935).	189 124 60 42 183 27
S. Certain letters of the alphabet.	173 170 9 47 131
T. Operator of a machine to weave tire netting.	198 53 177 43 55 122
U. Momentous; notable for what happens.	126 141 120 194 154 179 83 58
V. Important port of entry on Ohio River, former capital of Word W.	166 178 72 142 149 134 85 30
W. See Word V.	87 155 191 144 139 159 49 136 185 89 7 96
X. Understood an utterance beyond the range of the speaker's voice.	71 34 59 108 98 68 88 38 169
Y. Vice-president of the new AFL-CIO, with virtually the same responsibilities held before the merger.	129 8 115 150 65 138 164
Z. River of forgetfulness.	16 41 25 112 165
Z¹. Great industrialist Amer. *family, whose progenitor in* this country was twice an emigré of France (1739-1817).	156 180 24 66 6 84

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 F	2 C	3 K	4 I	5 G	6 Z¹	7 W	8 Y	9 S		10 K	11 L	12 I	13 A	14 O	15 C
	16 Z	17 K	18 G	19 D		20 P	21 L	22 H	23 C	24 Z¹	25 Z		26 H	27 R	28 O	29 F
30 V		31 P	32 E	33 J	34 X	35 B	36 O	37 F		38 X	39 B	40 L	41 Z	42 R		43 T
44 E	45 N		46 L	47 S	48 J	49 W	50 Q		51 D	52 M	53 T	54 A		55 T	56 P	57 H
58 U	59 X	60 R	61 G		62 N	63 F		64 M	65 Y	66 Z¹	67 Q	68 X		69 A	70 F	71 X
	72 V	73 N	74 F	75 I	76 K	77 P		78 Q	79 A	80 B	81 E		82 B	83 U	84 Z¹	
85 V	86 A	87 W		88 X	89 W	90 J		91 C	92 L	93 N	94 G	95 B	96 W	97 J		98 X
99 Q	100 I	101 N	102 L		103 P	104 G	105 F	106 J		107 H	108 X	109 M	110 O		111 M	112 Z
113 J		114 I	115 Y	116 P	117 C	118 J		119 M	120 U	121 D	122 T	123 E		124 R	125 K	
126 U	127 N	128 L	129 Y	130 F		131 S	132 Q	133 N	134 V	135 J	136 W		137 L	138 Y	139 W	140 N
141 U	142 V	143 I		144 W	145 K	146 H		147 A	148 J	149 V	150 Y	151 K	152 B	153 N	154 U	155 W
156 Z¹		157 M	158 J	159 W	160 B		161 B	162 O	163 K		164 Y	165 Z	166 V	167 O	168 D	169 X
170 S		171 D	172 H	173 S		174 H	175 J	176 B	177 T	178 V	179 U	180 Z¹	181 C		182 O	183 R
184 A	185 W	186 N	187 B	188 M		189 R	190 Q	191 W	192 J	193 A	194 U	195 I	196 P	197 E	198 T	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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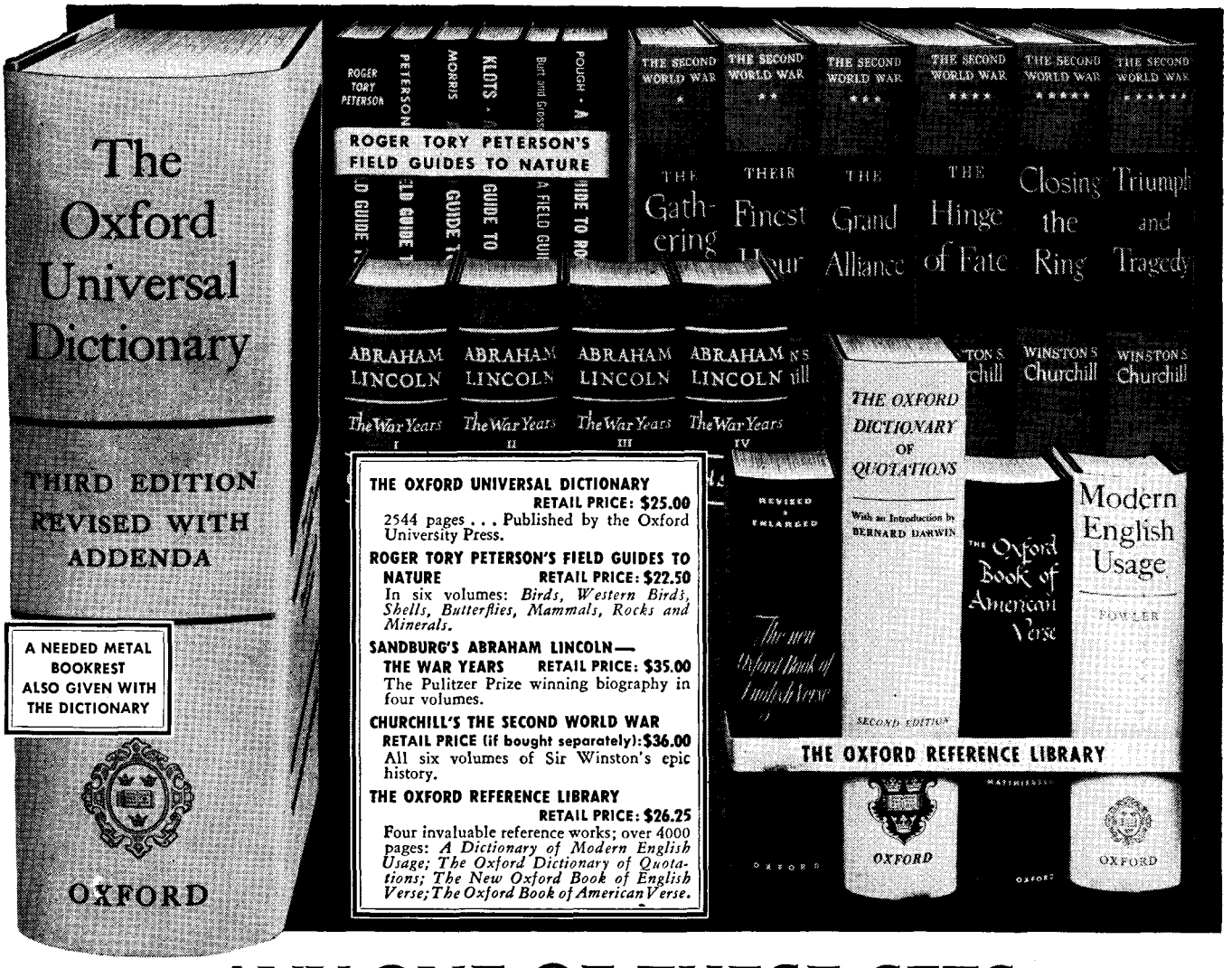
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